

VALENTINES FOR LOVERS

by

Steve Weissman

Registered

13 Souter Street
Nerang, Qld 4211
Australia
+61 (0)420 679 874
steve@rosemary-steve.org

FADE IN:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A sign reads, "VIRGINIA IS FOR LOVERS. BUY YOUR SWEETHEART SOME SWEETS".

A huge Valentine's Day display of 100 different candies. Mothers and kids pass by with their shopping trolleys. Each grabs three or four varieties. One boy grabs six. His mom puts back three. Little SweetHearts tend to be the favorite.

A fifteen-year-old boy approaches the display. He fondles the largest heart-shaped box of chocolates. He checks his cash. Counts. He grabs a less expensive box.

DR. TOM ADAMS, 36, movie star looks and knows it, stands five yards away, with his half-filled trolley. He appears mesmerized at watching the Valentine candies leave the display.

A shop assistant arrives, pushing a huge supply of more Valentine candies.

Tom shakes his head, turns to the regular candy shelves and grabs a Snickers.

MONTAGE - TOM'S PLAYBOY LIFE

-- Night Club - Tom dances with a striking Blonde.

-- Riverside Café - Tom eats lunch with a gorgeous Redhead.

-- Bedroom - In bed, Tom nuzzles against a lovely Brunette.

INT. DOCTORS' CLINIC, RECEPTION - DAY

Awards grace the wall for THOMAS ADAMS: George Washington University Medical Center, Honor Student; Fight for Sight Award; International Congress of Ophthalmology; American Academy of Ophthalmology; International Glaucoma Congress.

Tom enters. His secretary, SUE, 55, greets him.

SUE
Good morning, Dr. Adams.

TOM
Any word from Dr. Hall yet?

Sue shakes her head compassionately.

SUE
I'm sure you'll get the job, Sir.

Tom sighs, walks in his office.

INT. TOM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Examining eyeglass on his head, Tom studies a small girl's eye. The girl bounces up, races to a big model eye. Tom scribbles, hands a prescription to her attractive MOTHER, 30, who sits on the other side of his desk. He rises.

TOM

The eye's healing nicely. Put a drop in it twice a day.

Eyes glistening, the mother gets up, clasps his hand.

MOTHER

It's true. You're the world's best... eye surgeon. Thank you.

Tom smiles amiably. Her hands hold tight, she slides around the desk, becoming provocative. Tom backs away, she stays close, eyes excited. Tom wiggles his hand free.

TOM

Saw your husband at the hardware store. He sure looked good.

She turns away. Using gentleman's charm, Tom taps the girl's head playfully, nods. She runs to the door, opens it. The mother strains a smile, leaves. Tom leans against the door.

TOM

Whew...

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Valentine's Day paraphernalia grace the bar. A sign reads, "Countdown: 8 days!"

Wiry, wisecracker Dr. JOE SHAW, 35, Anesthesiologist, drinks as Tom stacks half peanuts on top of each other.

TOM

Day in and day out. I'm going nuts.

JOE

Ever try raisins?

TOM

Boredom city, stuck in a dead-end clinic!

JOE

Politics can fix that.

TOM
Don't tempt me.

JOE
Marriage?

Tom frowns. The peanuts fall over.

TOM
Joe, I'm the best ophthalmologist
around, link my skills with the top
scientists in the country and
there's just no limit to what could
be achieved! I need that job.

JOE
Think he'd want an
anesthesiologist?

Joe puffs himself up.

TOM
Right, it's got to be me. And get
me away from those lonely mothers.

JOE
Lucky you.

TOM
No way. Here's to single women, the
most ravishing creatures in the
world, a species worth dying for.

Joe nods, holds up his glass.

TOM
Bachelorhood forever.

They clang glasses. Tom glances at the sign.

TOM
You ever think, they overdo
Valentine's Day? I mean, like,
Valentine's Day is for people who
want to keep their lovers. It's not
for bachelors who want to stay
single, right?

Tom nods towards two gorgeous women. He and Joe head to
them.

INT. CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

On stage, Tom speaks under a banner, "Ophthalmologists' Convention".

TOM

With these new advances, eyeglasses
will soon join the horse and buggy.

He grabs a huge model of an eye.

TOM

"Eye" thank you all for coming.

He smiles, the model winks. The audience laughs and gives him a standing OVATION. Magnetism oozing, Tom hops offstage as the crowd surges forward, competing for his attention.

Tom weaves his way through them, homes in on DR. HALL, 52, distinguished bearing and self-assurance of one with power.

TOM

Dr. Hall, it's great to see you.

DR. HALL

Tom, why be a doctor, when you have
a Senator's charisma?

TOM

(jokingly)

My dad would disown me if I became
a politician.

DR. HALL

Fine well-rounded neurosurgeon,
your father. Too bad he's not an
ophthalmologist.

Clearly not appreciated, but Tom lets it go.

TOM

So, do I get the job? With me as
your head surgeon, we'll make
medical history.

DR. HALL

Your resume is impressive. However,
you may be of more use to us as a
senator. Doctors in Congress can
help us greatly.

TOM

Huh, senator?

Tom's dazed. An upbeat ORGANIZER rushes up, gives them "Goodie bags," full of brochures and eye paraphernalia.

ORGANIZER

The best seminars in the world!
They could change your life.

She sweeps away, offers her prizes to others.

DR. HALL

However, my political connections
feel that you must make more fame
as a doctor before a Senate run.

TOM

Politics... Senate... huh?

DR. HALL

McKenzie's Sydney Lab is the best
in the world. It's such a pity you
have no experience in their work.

Tom regains his awareness.

TOM

How? They haven't given seminars
for two years nor buried under a
ton of regulations and--

DR. HALL

A senator could help slash those
regulations. But until such time, I
may have to recruit an Australian
doctor like McKenzie. I need the
head surgeon by February 14.

TOM

Valentine's Day...

DR. HALL

However--

A cute caterer offers Dr. Hall a bag of popcorn. He refuses. She turns to Tom, smiles sexily, puts a bag in his empty hand, and slides her hand along his. Tom smiles back. Dr. Hall CLEARS HIS THROAT. Tom returns his attention.

TOM

Uh, yes, Sir?

DR. HALL

It would help if you settled down.

Tom's eyes bug out, they dart to the caterer sashaying away, back to Dr. Hall.

TOM
Set... settle... down?

MRS. HALL (O.S.)
Honey, I have to give the opening
address at my fund-raising dinner.

A slim, attractive MRS. HALL, 48, approaches, hugs Dr. Hall.

DR. HALL
Being a family man would be an
advantage. Especially for senate.

TOM
Family?

Switching to his charm, Tom smiles, puts the popcorn into his hand with the Goodie bag and shakes Mrs. Hall's hand.

TOM
If I could be as lucky as you, I'd
even give up my job.

DR. HALL
Tom, charity gains the sympathy of
Capitol Hill which is also
essential for all important grants.
Your father excels in this area.

MRS. HALL
Dr. Adams, your father must be so
proud.

Tom gives a forced smile.

TOM
Yeah... too bad he had an important
charity function to attend.

DR. HALL
Let me know if you plan to get
married soon. With your reputation,
I'm sure you have many willing
partners.

TOM
(baffled)
Wife?

Dr. Hall raises one eyebrow.

DR. HALL

And of course, if you pick up on
McKenzie's work.

TOM

Yes Sir, um, yes um... Sir.

The Halls smile politely and float away. Watching them, Tom reaches in the Goodie bag, pulls out an eye patch.

TOM

Wife?

Not realizing what it is, he starts to eat the patch. He spits it out, bumping into a person passing by. He loses his balance and trips, tossing the popcorn bag in the air.

It flies, lands on Mrs. Hall's head, scatters over others' hair, shoulders, pockets and the floor.

The Halls maintain perfect composure, look back to see Tom sprawled on the ground. Many rush over to help him.

MRS. HALL

Are you sure a wife and medical
training are all he needs?

INT. DOCTORS' CLINIC, RECEPTION - DAY

Tom storms in, drops the bag near Sue.

SUE

Oooo, convention swag!

TOM

Nothing in here for McKenzie's Lab.
Search the web for them. To hell
with an Aussie stealing my job!

Tom strides into his office. Sue delves in the Goodie bag, grabs the eye patch, slips it on and giggles. She pulls out popcorn, gives a quizzical expression, pops it in her mouth.

INT. TOM'S EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY

Tom collapses in his office chair, pulls out his mobile phone, clicks to contacts, lighting up a list of his many girlfriends. One by one he checks his list, smiles occasionally but shakes his head. Frowns at some.

Searches them all with a look of desperation. He stops on Rose, takes on a "maybe" look. Then shakes his head.

Reaching the end of his list he tosses his phone aside, turns to his computer, types MATCHMAKING SERVICE in Google. Ten million hits. Tom scrunches his face. He madly taps the keyboard, registering his data and photo on five sites.

TOM

I want that job. That job is mine.
I want--

He stops, SCREAMS.

TOM

What the hell am I doing!

He puts his head down on his arms. Sue enters, peers inquisitively. Tom quickly shuts down his computer.

TOM

You wouldn't believe me.

SUE

Well, you do need glasses.

TOM

Ophthalmologists with perfect vision don't need glasses.

SUE

So, how come you missed this important flyer?

(she reads)

"ESCO, Every Sight Charity Organization"--

TOM

Saw it. Forget it, I'm not going to practice for peanuts.

SUE

Oh well, ESCO's only lured Dr. P. McKenzie--

The flyer whizzes to the trash. Tom dives for it, reads.

TOM

"to share the latest advancements in eye surgery at a Houston seminar, February 14." Book me in, and a vacation beforehand.

EXT. CLINIC, SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Bright smile to match sparkles on his black shirt, a little boy reaches out to sensitive TRICIA, 35, a slender Australian woman, blue jeans, T-shirt and white jacket.

Three barefoot girls in swirling skirts trot behind her. Other children join them as they pass low-income housing. Tricia clasps the little boy's outstretched hands.

Note: All dialogue in *italics* is in Spanish, with English subtitles.

TRICIA

How's your leg, little one?

Proud, he sticks out his bandaged leg and foot.

TRICIA

So, Dr. Mat already dressed it.

INT. CLINIC, SMALL TEXAS TOWN - DAY

Weather beaten men huddle around DR. MAT GARCIA, 38, light-skinned good looks and pride of an upper-class Hispanic, as he examines one man's leg cast. Tricia enters. Mat brightens.

MAT

Nice shiny day.

Tricia looks aside.

A BOY, 5, sneaks in, thrusts a bloody finger between them.

TRICIA

Oh dear, another emergency.

MAT

He probably cut it so he could be near you.

Tricia sits, puts on glasses, cleans the boy's finger.

MAT

We make a good team.

Tricia smiles as she grabs gauze and scissors.

MAT

Not just professionally.

Stunned, Tricia drops the scissors.

TRICIA
Mat, I do value our friendship.

MAT
Friendship is a firm basis for--

Tricia welcomes the sound of CHATTERING women. An excited town woman leads in LYNN BAKER, 40, sporty, casual but powerful, baseball cap in hand.

LYNN
Tricia, why didn't you bring your mobile? Paul's been giving me hell.

TRICIA
Why does he have to share it?

Tricia finishes the boy's dressing, gives him a silly face.

TRICIA
I only agreed to help those who need it, not to further his ambition... in any area. I hate being pressured.

She shoots a pointed look at Mat who lowers his eyes.

TRICIA
Please don't play Paul's game.

LYNN
What game? Paul sounds charming.

TRICIA
In the chase. Once he gets what he wants, all he cares about are his mates, the Lab and cricket. I'm not interested in a rerun.

Tricia exits. The boy stays, eyes glued to Lynn's cap.

LYNN
Wonder if I'd like cricket.

Lynn's phone RINGS. She reads the name, smiles and answers.

LYNN
Paul, we were just discussing you.

INT. AUSTRALIAN RESEARCH CENTER HALLWAY - DAY

Ruggedly handsome and suntanned, DR. PAUL MCKENZIE, 37, Australian, presses his code next to doors under a sign, "MCKENZIE'S LAB - RESTRICTED AREA," while he talks on his phone.

PAUL
Positively, I hope. What's with
Tricia? Has she decided--

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - LYNN AND PAUL

LYNN
She sure has.

INT. MCKENZIE'S LAB - DAY

The doors slide open. Paul enters. Dozens of staff work.

PAUL
Thanks for talking sense into her.
She always made the seminars first
class. Maybe this one will help her
realize her mistake in leaving--

LYNN
You?

PAUL
We were a great team. I can't
understand why she's become so
reclusive when she--

A RESEARCHER waves from her microscope.

RESEARCHER
Dr. McKenzie, it's finished.

PAUL
I'll have to catch you later.
Thanks Lynn, you're a darling.

Lynn turns off her phone, sighs.

LYNN
How did I get to be the meat in
this sandwich?

MAT
That's your role as director of
ESCO - soothing the egos of famous
doctors you need for your work.

Lynn spots the boy eyeing her cap. She slaps it on him, peak backwards. He hugs her, bounds out.

LYNN

That's four caps this month. Now if I give Paul a cap, will he hug--

MAT

How's the seminar going?

Lynn snaps to attention.

LYNN

The interest is overwhelming. And, of course, it can only happen with your gracious support. Even the award-winning Dr. Adams, from Washington, has registered.

Mat appears impressed.

LYNN

Surgical skills aside, he's famous for his playboy reputation.

Lynn's expression teases, but Mat haughtily shakes his head.

MAT

An arrogant American playboy is the last thing Tricia wants.

INT. TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Trendy bachelor's pad. In one corner, a Venus statue faces a statue of Bacchus. Tom sits at his computer, opens his email program, clicks RECEIVE. Four thousand emails download.

TOM

Holy shit.

He opens one of the web Matchmaking sites, types in his password. Three thousand replies. Tom stares blankly.

INT. GYM - DAY

Muscles rippling, Tom lifts weights. Joe skips rope.

JOE

Nine thousand, three hundred and--

Joe bursts laughing, trips on his rope.

TOM

This isn't funny.

JOE
Most men would love to be in--

TOM
They can have my shoes; I'll keep
my freedom.

Joe mimes speaking into a microphone, using his jump rope.

JOE
But what about: "Senator Tom Adams
announces his presidential bid"?

TOM
Can't Senators be single?

JOE
"Polls indicate that most voters
think Senator Adams is gay." What's
wrong with Mia, Terry, Beth and all
the girls at Delta Phi Epsilon?

TOM
Joe! Screw this marriage stuff.
I'll just go to the seminar, learn
the techniques and if Hall isn't
satisfied, well, screw him, too.

JOE
I think you're screwed. Who's this
McKenzie anyhow?

TOM
Only the world's best eye surgeon.
And to learn from Dr. McKenzie, I'm
willing to go to the moon.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Tricia and Lynn sit at a window table. Across the street,
Valentine candies fill a store's display. They eat dinner,
though Tricia only picks at her food as Lynn devours hers.

LYNN
You know Mat adores you. You could
do a lot worse--

Tricia cuts her off with a look. Lynn shrugs.

LYNN
I'd be as horny as hell if I didn't
have sex for two years. Even Paul
is concerned about--

Tricia screws up her nose in distaste.

TRICIA
His fame. Lynn, please. I enjoy
working with Mat, but...

Tricia glances away, spots an elderly couple holding hands. The husband leans over, whispers in her ear. The wife giggles. Tricia looks longingly at them as Lynn takes it in.

LYNN
Only trying to help. How's this?

Lynn whips out a medical journal with Tom's smiling face on the front. Tricia slightly smiles.

TRICIA
Yes, very cute. America's most
notorious playboy doctor, who even
dates movie stars.

LYNN
He's coming to the seminar.

TRICIA
What would he want with me, other
than add another score? Shallow men
like him turn my stomach.

LYNN
Mine, too, but um-umm! You never
know, you two might hit it off.

TRICIA
No way!

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT, TEXAS - DAY

Sunlight glistens on water dripping down the bronzed back of a curvy, buxom woman gazing out to sea.

Sunglasses and swimsuits, Tom and Joe collapse in beach chairs. Tom reclines fully. Joe pulls out a vial, rubs balm on his temples.

JOE
Ow, headache city. Travel makes me
sag.

TOM
Ah, sleep now, awaken when the
nightlife's in full swing.

The buxom woman sways to her sarong. She rubs sunscreen over her chest and stomach as Joe lowers. He notices her, quickly raises up.

JOE

Not so droopy now.

TOM

Amazing what a short nap will do.

Tom springs up, his tiredness evaporated, his torso erect, a man sure of himself as he saunters to the water. The woman glances at Tom who smiles. She sashays toward him. Tom struts toward her. Arms wide, she increases her pace.

Tom pauses, expectant. She passes him by, into arms of a taller, muscle-bound man. Tom gulps, returns as Joe guffaws. Tom flops down and scans more sexy torsos of several women.

JOE

So, are you changing your mind to satisfy your ambition?

TOM

I want the job, but not a wife. Besides it's impossible to find one in a week. Hall's nuts, like my dad. Pressure, pressure, pressure.

JOE

You could become an ESCO volunteer.

TOM

Very funny.

EXT. SMALL BUNGALOW - DAY

Old. Family-owned setup. Half a dozen bungalows and a small restaurant. Five hundred yards along the beach from the Five Star Resort.

Thatched with sea view. A dog, JONI, holds a bandaged leg up high, its tail wags madly. A saronged Tricia pets Joni.

TRICIA

You'll run again in no time, Joni.

Tricia bounds down the steps with Joni laboring after her. Two happy pre-teen Hispanic girls, Sofia and Isabella, T-shirts and shorts, dash out of the restaurant.

SOFIA

Tricia, Tricia! Come!

They race up the beach laughing.

Tricia runs after them as Joni curls up.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom gulps the last dregs of a fruit juice cocktail, spots Tricia and the girls jogging. Sofia stops close to Tom.

SOFIA

Tricia, vamos a nadar.

The girls splash into the water. Tricia flings off her sarong, exposing a tiny bikini, plunges in, twirls Sofia around.

Tom moseys to the water's edge.

Tricia glances at him - for a long time. Her eyes squint.

Tom notices her looking at him. He smiles.

She turns away.

TRICIA

Speak English, not Spanish.

ISABELLA

What is your name?

SOFIA

Name Sofia.

TRICIA

My name is Sofia.

ISABELLA

Your name is Tricia, not Sofia.

TRICIA

Very good.

ISABELLA

We better go home now.

They prance out, race off. Tricia swims out to large waves, body surfs in. Joe strolls up to Tom.

JOE

Not so curvy.

TOM

She knows how to ride waves.

JOE
Yeah, good rhythm.

TOM
All right, I'm for rhythm.

Tom leaps out, swims close to Tricia as a wave swells up. Thrashing madly, he gets dumped. Tricia gracefully glides to shore, watches him as he goes under again. She swims out.

TOM
Got any hints?

TRICIA
Keep your eyes on the wave and not on me. That's if you really want to ride the waves.

She laughs, rides another whopper. Oblivious to a towering wave behind him, Tom disappears in white foam. Concerned, Tricia swims out to help. Tom surfaces, sputters, gasps big breaths. Seeing her anxious face, he smiles.

TOM
Good advice. Should I go under again so you can save me?

TRICIA
Go ahead, if you need such attention.

Tricia points at a looming wave. Tom spins around, dives under it. Tricia rides it in, grabs her sarong, jogs away.

Tom swims in, exhausted. Joe grins.

JOE
She's a bit unusual, eh?

Tom stares down the beach at Tricia jogging away.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Tricia strolls, speaks on her cell-phone. Joni trails.

TRICIA
Yes, the one and only Tom Adams.

LYNN (V.O.)
Great! So why run away from him?

TRICIA

He's too conceited. He even seemed surprised I didn't throw myself at him.

LYNN (V.O.)

As bad as Paul?

TRICIA

Wouldn't know and don't want to know.

LYNN (V.O.)

Well, bring him here for me. Is he really as handsome as his photos?

Momentarily stunned, Tricia stops, stares out to sea.

LYNN (V.O.)

You turned him on and you're not even his usual type. Why not ride the wave of change!

TRICIA

Always the hopeless optimist. I want a man who shares my world not just my bed.

LYNN (V.O.)

Oh-oh, where's Tricia, the hopeful idealist, who always preaches about the human potential to grow and change?

TRICIA

I'm also a realist.

Lynn scoffs.

LYNN (V.O.)

Why be so afraid? Have some fun for a change.

Tricia flops down on the sand, fidgets with her toes. Joni licks Tricia on the face. She hugs Joni.

LYNN (V.O.)

Tricia? Tricia, you there?

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The rising sun reflects in lapping waves. An unshaven, swimsuit clad Tom jogs barefoot.

Ahead, Tricia, see-through blouse matching her bikini top, long skirt, does some Yoga with Sofia, Isabella and their mother, Camila, 35. They all salute the sun and walk away.

Mesmerized, Tom watches them disappear into the restaurant.

He heads into the water.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Tricia ambles to the water, unaware of Tom swimming into the beach. As Tom rises from the water, Tricia sees him and freezes. Tom hops up, beams his most charming smile.

TOM
Glorious sunrise today. Tricia,
right? I overheard the little girl.

Tricia glances away.

TOM
I'm Tom Adams, from--

Tricia shakes her head, walks along the beach.

Tom catches up.

Tricia looks at the sand, her face peaceful and her steps graceful.

TOM
Have you had breakfast yet?

TRICIA
No. Please don't talk now. I'm
meditating.

TOM
Oh, what are you meditating on?

TRICIA
My footsteps. Feeling the sand
beneath my feet.

TOM
Doesn't sound very exciting when we
have this magnificent view and each
other to enjoy.

Tricia keeps walking.

TOM
Watching your footsteps?

TRICIA

Yes, it's very calming. You should try it.

Tom drops behind, places each foot next to her footprints. His eyes wander to her narrow waist and hips.

TOM

Much prefer to watch you.

Her hips sway as she takes a wider step.

Tom smiles, trips on protruding coral. He YELPS, hops, holding a bloody toe.

TRICIA

More exciting than a cut foot I imagine. Can I help dress--

TOM

At your bungalow or my resort?

Tricia half smiles.

TRICIA

You're wasting your time.

Tom crouches, inspects his toe, becomes solemn.

TOM

Thanks, it does need dressing. Got anything at your bungalow?

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW VERANDAH - DAY

Wearing glasses, Tricia bandages Tom's toe. A rickety cane chair's woven seat strains under Tom's weight.

TRICIA

Nothing serious.

TOM

I'm not sure yet.

Joni sniffs Tom's hand. He brushes her away. Tricia drops his foot, takes off her glasses, packs up her first aid kit.

TOM

Thanks. You did that very well. Got a professional first aid kit, too. You must be a nurse.

TRICIA
Traveling teaches you to be
prepared. You're obviously not.

TOM
Good thing. Then I wouldn't be here
with you. Nurse Tricia, who rescues
humans and stray dogs, will you
please join me for breakfast?

Tricia appears surprised.

TOM
It's the least I can do for your
expert dressing skills.

He scans her blouse. She nervously fingers a button.

TOM
My resort has an excellent buffet.

TRICIA
International resorts put family
bungalows out of business.

TOM
Then how about here?

She looks him up and down. Her eyes linger on his torso,
which does not escape Tom's attention.

TRICIA
Okay, I'll ask Diego to lend you a
shirt. Though your shoulders and...
chest... are much broader than his.

TOM
Shirt or no shirt's the same to me.
We're at the beach.

TRICIA
Yes... but--

A cell phone MELODY. Tricia happily retreats inside.

INT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Tricia shuts the door.

TRICIA
Mat, I asked you not--

INT. ORPHANAGE, AUSTIN, TEXAS - DAY

Mat stands surrounded by four young girls playing.

MAT

The girls and I miss you. You
needn't have raced away. I wasn't
pressuring you. I'm patient.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND MAT

TRICIA

Then let's drop it, okay? I need a
holiday and to see friends here.

MAT

Paul called about the seminar.

Tricia frowns.

TRICIA

I'm sure you and Lynn can take care
of Paul.

MAT

When are you coming back?

TRICIA

A few days.

A CRASH.

TOM (O.S.)

Holy shit!

Phone in hand, Tricia races out.

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW VERANDAH - CONTINUOUS

Tom's on the floor, scrunched up in the tipped over chair.
His bum's stuck deep in the broken seat.

TRICIA

Tom! Are you okay?

MAT

Who the hell is Tom?

Tricia lays her phone down on the table. He gives her a
sheepish grin as she hurriedly looks over the chair to
figure out an escape. Tom acts helpless.

TOM
Ah... maybe you could give my
backside a shove.

Tricia turns crimson as Tom winks.

TOM
It's okay, I'm not shy, dear nurse.

Mat's eyes go wide.

MAT
Tricia?

Tricia flexes her hands, places them gently on his backside.

TOM (V.O.)
I'm solid. I won't break.

TRICIA (V.O.)
Indeed, you are.

TOM (V.O.)
Push harder.

Mat grimaces.

TRICIA (V.O.)
I'm pushing as hard as I can.

MAT
Tricia!

Tricia pushes. Tom slides out - sprawls. They both laugh. As Tom hops up, Tricia returns to her phone.

TRICIA
Hi Mat, sorry. I had to help--

MAT
Who's Tom!

Tricia bounds down the steps but remains audible to Tom.

TRICIA
Just someone who hurt his toe on
the beach. He wasn't looking where
he was going. And he didn't have
any bandages.

She glances back at Tom.

TRICIA
Not even a shirt and I... well...
what else could I do but try to
dress him... I mean, the toe.

MAT
I'm coming down.

TRICIA
No, don't do that. I'll call back
later, okay?

MAT
Are you sure you're alright?

TRICIA
I'm fine Mat, really. Thanks for
calling.

Tricia turns. Tom smiles his charmer.

INT. RUSTIC RESTAURANT - DAY

In a too tight shirt, open, except for two buttons near his
ribs, Tom wipes the cutlery clean with a paper napkin.

TOM
Are you sure the food's okay? I
don't want to spend my vacation on
the toilet.

TRICIA
Do I look ill?

Tom slides his chair near her.

TOM
Can I examine you more closely?

Tricia shifts her chair further away.

TOM
No, that's far. But, even from
here, your eyes look bright, clear,
and beautiful. Food must be good.

Tom reaches for cut chillies in sauce. Tricia grabs his arm.

TRICIA
I wouldn't. Dishes here are already
fiery.

TOM
I like it hot.

TRICIA
It will set you on fire.

TOM
I'm willing to experiment.

Tom scoops chilies onto his food, eats a huge spoonful. He reddens, his eyes water, sweat pours out. He gulps water. Amused, Tricia offers him a plate of cut cucumbers.

TRICIA
This will help cool you down.

Tom wolfs them as the fire in his mouth explodes. CAMILA, 45, Isabella and Sofia's mother hurries over with a standing fan as DIEGO, 50, father, pulls up a chair.

DIEGO
Your boyfriend?

TRICIA
You have to be joking.

Diego laughs, inspects Tom, as Tom gazes at Tricia.

DIEGO
Not yet.

Tricia's taken aback.

TOM
What did he say?

TRICIA
You'll have to learn Spanish if you really want to enjoy Texas.

TOM
Not practical for a short vacation.
How long have you been in the States?

TRICIA
Almost two years.

TOM
Do you live here?

TRICIA
In a restaurant?

Camila brings cut fruit as Sofia and Isabella hover around.

TRICIA
 Diego, Camila, Sofia and
 Isabella... Tom. They're my
 friends. *Too much food, please join
 us.*

They smile and grab plates, cutlery, pull up chairs and eat.

DIEGO
What does he do?

TRICIA
 Diego wants to know your work.

Proud, Tom straightens. One of his buttons pops off, flies
 down Tricia's cleavage.

TOM
Oops, sorry.

The family guffaws as Tricia jumps up, yanks at her shirt.
 She turns away, bends over - mindful of hiding her breasts,
 but not the direction of her behind. Much to Tom's pleasure.

TOM
 Anything I can do to help?

Tricia displays the naughty button just as Diego mimes
 taking off the shirt and Tom undoes his remaining button.

TRICIA
 No.

Tricia drops the button. She and Tom scramble around, both
 reach for it. Their eyes meet. Self-conscious, Tricia
 laughs. Tom gives her a mischievous grin.

She gingerly places the button in his shirt pocket and flops
 into her chair, acts nonchalant, unconvincingly.

She turns the standing fan on full.

TOM
 I'm a doctor.

ISABELLA
He's a doctor.

Tricia looks away.

TOM
 You're not interested?

TRICIA
I'm not ill.

DIEGO
*He'll make a good husband. When are
you going to get married, have
children?*

TRICIA
I have freedom.

CAMILA
Don't you ever get lonely?

Tricia colors, looks down. Tom notices it.

TRICIA
*You can be lonely in a
relationship, too.*

TOM
I really have to learn some
Spanish.

CAMILA
*He looks intelligent. Perhaps he
could be tamed, like Diego.*

Isabella giggles. Diego frowns.

Camila passes around after-meal heart-shaped mints.

Everyone takes one except Tom, who stares at them, shakes
his head.

Tricia takes in Tom's reaction, but changes the subject.

TRICIA
I know a charity organization that
needs doctors. Why don't you--

TOM
No thanks. I like my luxuries.

TRICIA
Like resort buffets for breakfast.

EXT. TRICIA'S BUNGALOW - DAY

Tricia and a relaxed, bare-chested Tom stroll back.

TOM
Breakfast was erotic... I mean
exotic. Thank you.

Tricia appears embarrassed. Sofia and Isabella dance up behind.

ISABELLA
Go for run and swim?

Tom grabs their hands, hobbles away.

TOM
I'll start walking with them. It'll
give you time to undress, uh,
change your clothes and catch me.

TRICIA
Why would I want to run after you?

TOM
My resort has the best waves.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom adds sea shells to Sofia and Isabella's sand castle. The girls race to collect more. Tricia's sarong lies near the castle. Close by, Joe lifts his sunglasses to peer at Tom.

JOE
Careful, buddy, she sounds like a
New Age chick.

Tom absorbs Tricia's rhythm as she rides waves. He grabs his cell phone, takes photos of her.

JOE
Meditates, avoids resorts, suggests
you work for free. Next, you'll
have to give up steak and eat that
rubbery stuff.

TOM
There was tofu and seafood. Don't
remember what she ate, I was too
preoccupied with buttons.

JOE
Mushrooms! Could've been
hallucinogenic, man.

Tom grins. Joe groans, flings his arms up in frustration.

JOE
Yup, totally drugged out,
brainwashed already.

Transfixed, Tom photos Tricia gracefully emerging from the water, this time in a demure one-piece swimsuit.

TOM
Joe, I'm going to marry her.

JOE
What! Are you nuts?

Tom ignores Joe, taps on his phone.

JOE
What the hell are you doing?

Tom's phone displays a beautiful photo of Tricia. He clicks the send button.

TOM
I just sent Hall a photo.

JOE
My god, you're mad!

ALEX (O.S.)
My goddess, where have you been!

ALEX, 30, longhair swinging, silver jewelry jangling, jogs up, sweeps Tricia into his arms. Tricia laughs. They whisper. Sofia and Isabella skip over. Alex hugs them.

JOE
Woeee, buddy, you're more than nuts, she's already taken.

TOM
There's no ring on her finger.

Tom gets up, cruises over to them.

TRICIA
Alex, Tom. Tom hurt his toe--

ALEX
Smooth move, Dude. The celestial goddess shows mercy to stray dogs.

Tom tenses up. The girls drag Alex to their sand castle.

TRICIA
Tom, I'm sorry. I told Alex, I'd meet him an hour ago. I forgot--

TOM
Time disappeared for me, too.

He gives her a sexy smile. Flustered, she looks away.

TRICIA
I hope your toe heals.

TOM
It feels better already. I'd love
to experience a Mexican dinner.

TRICIA
I don't eat dinner.

TOM
Huh? Right, big breakfast - healthy
way to eat. How about a drink and
dancing?

TRICIA
No, thanks. I don't--

TOM
Drink - of course. I'm really
striking out here. Can we meet for
breakfast tomorrow?

TRICIA
Maybe. I'm not sure what tomorrow
will bring. Bye.

TOM
See you.

Tricia jogs off with Alex and the girls. Joe walks up.

JOE
Do you realize what you did?

Tom's phone RINGS. An SMS, his eyes widen.

"TOM, WOW! SHE'S PERFECT! ANOTHER MELANIA IN THE MAKING.
CAN'T WAIT TO MEET HER. HALL"

TOM
Uh-oh.

EXT. BEACH PARTY - NIGHT

Valentines theme. CAROL, 30, blonde, and MARY, 30, redhead,
shake their ample endowments in beat with deafening MUSIC.
Observing from the edge of wild dancers, Joe points them
out.

JOE

There they are. Carol's the blond,
met her in the lounge. The redhead
must be Mary, let's go for it.

Indifferent, Tom resists as Joe drags him in. The crowd
engulfs them. Alex gyrates with another woman. Seeing them,
Tom's mouth agape.

ALEX

Hey, stray dog.

TOM

You're not Tricia's boyfriend?

ALEX

Platonic is all any man'll get.

TOM

She gay?

ALEX

Goddesses don't need mere mortals.

Alex laughs, shakes his head, no. Tom turns to Joe.

TOM

Got to go. Enjoy Carol.

Carol and Mary spot Tom and Joe. They smile seductively
towards an eager Joe and an uninterested Tom.

JOE

Man, are you blind? You're already
undressed. Skip the hors d'oeuvres,
Mary's hungry for the main course.

Joe winks at Carol.

JOE

Tricia's just playing hard to get.
Hot bod, Dr. Tom Adams, get any
woman you want, when you want.
Ego's shattered. Ain't love.

TOM

Joe, Hall said Tricia's "perfect".
If I marry her, the job's mine!

Joe gives him an exasperated look.

JOE

Tom!

TOM
Carol's eyeing the other guys.

Joe snaps his attention to Carol as Tom darts off.

EXT. RUSTIC RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tricia and the family exit, walk toward the beach. Twenty yards ahead a young couple sit, meditating.

CAMILA
Tom seemed very nice.

TRICIA
Most men aren't interested in a deeper meaning of life.

CAMILA
Some are.

Tricia looks at the meditating couple as they pass. She nearly walks into a piece of coral. Camila grabs her, points at the coral.

TRICIA
Thank you.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

The full moon reflects in the lapping waves. Tom approaches Tricia and the family as they sit in meditation.

Tom sits close to Tricia. Diego nods, touches his family lightly. They rise and tiptoe away.

Tricia opens her eyes. A flash of uncertainty, vulnerability crosses her face. She hides behind a controlled expression.

TOM
It's very peaceful here. What do you meditate on?

TRICIA
Do you really want to know?

TOM
Interesting question. If I'd listened this morning, I might not have a sore toe. But I might not be sitting here tonight either.

TRICIA
Karma. Some people have to suffer before they ask deeper questions.

TOM
Speaking from experience?

TRICIA
You're not a psychiatrist.

TOM
Ophthalmologist... eye surgeon.

Tricia smiles, begins to rise. Tom jumps up, offers her his hand. She ignores it. They walk.

TOM
I should've guessed you'd enjoy a moonlit walk on the beach.

TRICIA
Uh-hum... and why did you become a doctor?

TOM
Money's good.

TRICIA
That's all?

TOM
My grandfather and father were doctors and it was... expected. My father's a very determined man.

TRICIA
So, you take after your father?

TOM
In determination, yes. I've never seen him enough to discover his other good qualities.

Tricia gives him a compassionate expression.

TOM
He's always been too busy being the excellent doctor... helping others.

TRICIA
Do you like being a doctor?

TOM
It's a good living... but that's not what you meant, is it?

TRICIA

I know doctors who feel a lot of satisfaction helping people who normally can't afford such help.

TOM

Helping people is helping people, rich or poor, isn't it?

TRICIA

But there's also the joy of giving without wanting in return.

Interest ignited, Tom draws closer, takes her hand.

TOM

I'm willing to give without wanting in return.

A stunned Tricia looks up at his tender expression. Offended, she yanks her hand away.

TRICIA

You really like yourself a lot!

She spins around, sprints towards her bungalow.

TRICIA

I doubt any woman could penetrate through your conceit!

TOM

I'm sorry, Tricia, really.

Tom hurries after her. Tricia slows down.

TOM

I couldn't help myself. You're so beautiful.

TRICIA

You really are wasting your time.

TOM

Matter of opinion. Most fascinating time I've had in years.

They reach her bungalow. She stops.

TRICIA

You're a smooth talker.

TOM

And you?

Tom smiles his charmer.

TRICIA
Good night, Tom.

TOM
Good night, Tricia. Can I join you
again for breakfast?

Tricia walks up to her verandah, pets Joni.

TRICIA
Maybe.

She disappears inside. Tom strolls to the water. The moon
reflects on the waves.

EXT. BEACH - DAWN

The rising sun's reflections. Tom jogs towards Tricia's
bungalow.

He hurdles the steps, KNOCKS. Silence. He knocks louder. He
swings around as Diego approaches, shaking his head.
Isabella runs over with Joni at her heels. Tom grabs her
hands.

TOM
Where's Tricia?

DIEGO
Gone to Austin.

ISABELLA
*He's a doctor and so handsome. Why
doesn't Tricia like him?*

TOM
Shit, I was so stupid.

DIEGO
She escaped or is training him.

ISABELLA
Like Mommy did to you?

Diego cracks a smile. Frustrated, Tom watches. Isabella
consults her Spanish/English dictionary.

ISABELLA
Tricia lonely. She more like us.
You change?

TOM
Do you have her address?

Isabella pulls Tom to the RESTAURANT and shows him the registration list with Tricia's address. She gives Tom pen and paper. He jots it down.

TOM
Thank you, Isabella.

Joni whines. Tom pets her and runs off.

EXT. FIVE STAR BEACH RESORT - DAY

Tom sprints toward Carol rubbing sunscreen sensuously on Joe's back. Mary reads the paper, which covers her face.

JOE
Breakfast done already?

TOM
No!

Mary drops the paper, smiles seductively.

MARY
Oh, yes?

TOM
No!

Tom races to the bungalows.

JOE
Hey!

EXT. BEACH AIRPORT - DAY

Open-walled buildings, palm thatched roofs. Many people move to and fro, suitcases everywhere. A taxi speeds up. Tom dashes out towards the Check-in Hall, still in his swimsuit, bare-chested, bare feet. A SHORT GUARD, 40, blocks him.

SHORT GUARD
Sorry Sir, your clothes.

TOM
Emergency! I have to find Tricia.

Tom breaks past the Guard.

The Guard blows a WHISTLE.

SHORT GUARD

Stop!

INT. CHECK-IN HALL - DAY

Many travelers stand in queues. Tom hightails to a receptionist, interrupting her.

TOM

Emergency! The plane for Austin.
Has it left yet?

An OLDER WOMAN RECEPTIONIST giggles, eyes Tom's body. A young CUTE RECEPTIONIST stands in the adjacent booth.

CUTE RECEPTIONIST

*Maybe I could take him home and
dress him.*

TOM

Please! Has it left yet?

Four guards hurtle over.

OLDER RECEPTIONIST

Next building, Sir. In five
minutes.

SHORT GUARD

Sir, I must--

TOM

Yes, I'm going. Thank you.

Tom zips out.

EXT. CHECK-IN HALL - DAY

Tom heads to the Departure Hall, up a short lane, dotted with shops. He spots a TRICIA-LOOK-ALIKE from behind entering the Departure Hall.

TOM

Tricia!

She doesn't turn. He catches up to her, grabs her arm.

TOM

Tricia!

She's not Tricia, but she smiles seductively.

TRICIA-LOOK-ALIKE
No, but I could change my name if
you'd like.

TOM
Sorry, no, uh, sorry.

INT. DEPARTURE HALL - DAY

Tom zooms in. Up to the Boarding counter. A MALE
RECEPTIONIST, 30, appears repulsed. He picks up a phone.

TOM
The flight for Austin. The people
boarding, where are they? It's an
emergency.

MALE RECEPTIONIST
Security.

He motions to the airfield.

MALE RECEPTIONIST
Taking off.

TOM
Shit.

Tom races out, spots the plane ready.

EXT. DEPARTURE HALL - DAY

Tom heads toward the field, collides with a worker painting
a pole. They both sprawl on the ground.

INT. PLANE - DAY

Tricia sits in a window seat. JANEY, 30, plops next to her.

JANEY
Hey, I'm Janey.

TRICIA
Tricia.

JANEY
Here for a holiday?

TRICIA
Holiday, but it got interrupted.

JANEY
Yeah? Sounds bad. Like some A-1
jerk tried to get you into bed.

TRICIA
You're very perceptive.

Janey points out the window.

JANEY
Him?

Tricia turns, her jaw drops, eyes go wide.

Tom stands on the side of the airstrip. High over his head, he holds a painted sign, TRICIA!!!! Guards surround him.

JANEY (O.S.)
If you don't want him, can I take him?

TRICIA
Please do.

EXT. SECOND PLANE - DAY

Tom and Joe walk up the plane's entrance staircase.

JOE
So big chase, she's on plane one
and we take plane two. Do they
collide in space?

INT. SECOND PLANE - DAY

Tom and Joe enter. A FLIGHT ATTENDANT greets them.

TOM
Hola como estas?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Oh, you speak Spanish.

Tom waves a Spanish phrase book.

TOM
Poco.

Tom fills a paper cup with water as they head for their seats. They sit, Tom studies the phrase book.

JOE
You need new glasses.

TOM
I don't wear any.

JOE

Uh-huh.

TOM

Joe, look, I don't know. She's...
she's--

Tom's phone RINGS. He balances the water and book in one hand as he pulls out his phone, checks the name, frowns.

TOM

What do I tell him?

JOE

Plead temporary insanity.

Tom answers.

TOM

Hel... hello?

DR. HALL (V.O.)

How's it going, Tom?

TOM

Great, Sir.

DR. HALL (V.O.)

I just came from your dad's charity dinner. He was a bit put out to hear from me you're engaged. You really should've told your folks.

TOM

Oh, uh, I... I guess he didn't get my email, Sir.

DR. HALL (V.O.)

Well, he and your mom are thrilled and looking forward to being grandparents.

TOM

Grandparents!

Tom jumps up, spills water in his lap, bangs his head on the overhead locker.

TOM

Ow... that means--

DR. HALL (V.O.)
Kids. Yes, the public loves a
family man, Tom. Talk more later.

Tom turns off his phone, looks down at his wet pants.

TOM
Kids?

INT. RESTAURANT, AUSTIN - DAY

Kids and adult customers eat breakfast dishes.

Lost in thought, Tricia plays with a jam filled donut. Her mood is not lost on Mat who sits across from her, eating a plain cinnamon donut.

MAT
You seem very quiet and distracted.
Is it the man you met... Tom?

TRICIA
He's nothing... just an arrogant
playboy.

Her glass BANGS down with a thud.

TRICIA
His ego's even bigger than Paul's.

She smiles sweetly at Mat.

TRICIA
I'm glad you're not like them.

MAT
There's a committee luncheon at the
hospital today. Would you like to
come?

TRICIA
That would be nice.

She looks up to a painting of a lotus pond, relaxes.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY, AUSTIN - DAY

Tom and Joe pass a pot where two lotus buds emerge. The marble floor shines. Orchids reflect in mirrors.

Joe checks in at the reception, backdropped by Valentine decorations.

Tom shows a Porter Tricia's address. The Porter grabs an Austin map.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Tom rides in a taxi as it weaves through narrow lanes. Teenage boys, kicking a soccer ball, race out of the way, wave. Tom beams, waves back.

They stop in front of an elegant but modest Guest House.

Tom points further up the road to the DRIVER, 50.

TOM
About fifty yards, okay?

DRIVER
Meter stays on.

TOM
She's worth it.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom hops out. He holds a box of a dozen jam filled donuts.

The Antique shop next door grabs his attention. The front window displays a medieval torture "stock" which locks the head and arms.

TOM
I wonder if wives used them on
their husbands.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Only if they're naughty. Ha!

Surprised, Tom turns to see a laughing, elderly woman, the guest house RECEPTIONIST holding a large bag of groceries. He laughs.

TOM
I can tell you speak from
experience. Please let me.

Tom takes her bag.

They approach the Guest House door.

INT. GUEST HOUSE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A simple furnished, clean reception area. Tom and the Receptionist enter. She walks behind a counter. Tom hands over the groceries.

TOM
I'm looking for Tricia.

RECEPTIONIST
Gone for a bit, she'll be back
soon. Have a seat?

TOM
Thanks. I'll sit outside.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom waits on the front steps, puts the donuts down. Calls Joe.

TOM
Hey...
(pause)
yes, yes, okay, I'm mad.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joe walks back and forth, rubbing balm on his forehead.

JOE
Mad is mild!

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND JOE

JOE
You do realize Dr. Hall wants you
with a wife who fits the bill, not
a new-age spacey.

TOM
Right, well, maybe she's not what
you think.

JOE
Fine, but she wouldn't share her
bungalow with you. What makes you
think she'll share her guest house
with you?

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Tricia exits with a small bag. Walks to the corner, turns.
Shock.

She stops. Spots Tom on the steps, turning off his phone.
She backs up, out of his sight. Her face hard and angry.

She peeks around the building.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom puts away his phone as a young COUPLE walk by, ten feet in front of their five-year-old daughter, ROSIE playing with a balloon.

Rosie races to keep up, drops her balloon which bounces into the road.

She runs after it, in line of oncoming traffic.

ROSIE
MOMMY! My balloon!

Her parents turn around, spot their daughter in the street.

MOTHER
No!

Tom leaps off the steps, grabs the girl just as a car speeds by.

ROSIE
MOMMY! DADDY!

Tom hands a crying Rosie to her parents.

MOTHER
Rosie, honey!

MOTHER AND FATHER
(to Tom)
Thank you. Thank you so much.

Mother holds Rosie as Father shakes hands with Tom.

FATHER
How can we thank you?

TOM
It's fine.

FATHER
No, please.

Father pulls out his wallet.

Tom puts his hand on Father's hand.

TOM
Let me.

Tom picks up the donuts, offers one to Rosie.

Rosie stops crying, takes a donut.

ROSIE
Thank you, Mister.

TOM
You be more careful now, okay?

She nods as she bites the donut.

Father pulls out a business card.

FATHER
This is nothing compared to what
you did, but if you ever need
toilet cleaners, give me a call.

TOM
Will do.

They walk away. Tom sits, checks the card.

TOM
Toilet cleaners?

He smiles.

EXT. BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY

Tricia melts. Her face beaming with appreciation of how Tom acted.

She sobers herself, walks slowly toward the building.

Thrilled, Tom springs up, without grabbing the donuts.

TOM
Tricia, good morning!

Tricia stays reserved.

TRICIA
Been here long?

TOM
No.

TRICIA
Anything exciting happen?

TOM
Not until now and seeing you.

Tricia gives him a "side" look.

TRICIA
What do I do if I meet someone
who's very conceited at the wrong
times and very humble at the right
times?

Tom gives his charmer smile.

TOM
Try to help him open his eyes?

TRICIA
Tom, I admire your efforts...
(pause)
but you're wasting your time.

TOM
You said that before.

Tricia turns her head away.

TOM
Can you show me your city sites?

Tricia doesn't respond.

TOM
The wonderful views... besides
yourself.

Tricia frowns.

Tom softens.

TOM
I'm sorry, Tricia... again. Should
I put my foot in my mouth?

TRICIA
You appear to enjoy the taste.

Tom grabs the donuts.

TOM
Maybe a donut instead?

He opens the box, offers. Tricia half smiles.

TRICIA
I'm sure there are many tours you
can join.

TOM
Yes, my hotel offers a dozen.

He picks up a donut.

TOM
But who wants a dozen plain
cinnamon donuts when you can have
jam filled ones... right?

He offers her the donut.

She declines.

He breaks one up and offers her just a piece.

TOM
Favorite, am I wrong?

Tricia smiles, takes the piece.

Tom eats, smiles back.

MAT (O.S.)
Tricia!

Tricia nearly chokes on the donut.

Mat steps out of his Jaguar across the street.

Tricia looks over as Mat approaches. Tom glances quickly,
then eyes back at Tricia.

MAT
Ready to go?

Mat looks Tom over. Tom's eyes stay glued to Tricia as he
eats the donut.

TRICIA
No, uh...

Mat points at Tom.

MAT
Friend?

TRICIA
Oh, uh, Mat, please meet Tom.
Tom's--

Tom reaches out to shake hands with Mat.

TOM

Tom Adams, from Washington.

Mat gives Tom a wet fish handshake.

Tom looks at their hands, shrugs.

MAT

Mat Garcia, Austin.

TOM

Want a donut, they're delicious.

MAT

(to Tricia)

Is this the man you told me about?

TOM

(to Tricia)

Really, you were talking about me?

TRICIA

(to Mat)

Perhaps I exaggerated some.

TOM

I was talking about you to my
friend and boss.

MAT

No exaggeration.

TOM

Donut, Mat?

MAT

Good grief.

Mat curtly shakes his head.

MAT

So, Tricia--

TOM

So, Tricia--

They both look at each other. Mat frowns. Tom laughs.

Tricia's phone rings. She answers.

TRICIA

Yes?

Tricia walks up her stairs as she listens.

She turns to the men.

TRICIA

Excuse me. I... I'll go get ready.

Tricia disappears into the guest house.

TOM

Sure, you don't want a donut?

MAT

Jam filled donuts are not--

TOM

Your favorite, eh?

Mat raises his nose.

TOM

I'll take a guess, you like plain
cinnamon, right?

Mat smiles curtly.

INT. TRICIA'S ROOM - DAY

Tricia holds the phone in one hand. Chooses a dress with the
other hand.

TRICIA

Lynn, I can't believe how modest he
was.

LYNN (V.O.)

Maybe he's not all what you saw at
the beach?

Tricia half-smiles, glances out the window.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom sits on the steps, eats a donut. Mat stands aloof.

TOM

You Tricia's boyfriend?

MAT

You met Tricia at the beach?

TOM

Not her boyfriend, good.

MAT

You're not her type.

Tom takes a bite.

TOM
She likes jam filled.

Mat's face hardens.

Tom offers the donuts again.

Tricia appears, looking beautiful.

Tom bounces up, smiles wide.

TOM
Tricia, you're--

MAT
We will have to hurry for lunch.

Tom's eyes stay on Tricia.

TOM
Beautiful.

Tricia blushes, looks straight at Tom, quickly drops her eyes.

Mat puts out his hand to Tricia.

MAT
Ready?

TRICIA
Tom, would you excuse us, please?

TOM
Sure. I... uh, I'll just eat
another donut...

He glances away.

TOM
Over there.

Tom leaves them.

MAT
Arrogant.

TRICIA
He did apologize.

MAT
So?

TRICIA

Mat, please. Nothing happened
between us at the beach. He also
only knows me as Tricia--

MAT

Fine with me if he never knows your
name or anything about you.

TRICIA

He'd like me to show him around
Austin today.

MAT

So, you told him we have other
plans.

TRICIA

I didn't say one way or another.

MAT

Well, I'll tell him. I'll make
clear what you should've made
clear.

Tricia's face hardens. Mat changes tactics.

MAT

You're too kind to people.

TRICIA

Too kind? I'm not sure I've been--

MAT

You have to get tougher.

Mat gives a smug expression. Tricia smiles astutely.

TRICIA

Yes, indeed. It's hard to know when
it's appropriate to show kindness
or strength, and to whom.

Cockily sure of himself, Mat smiles.

TRICIA

But I have to make those decisions
for myself. After all I am the
owner of my own Karma, right?

Mat's smile disappears.

TRICIA
Thanks, Mat. I know you'll
understand... if my decision means
not going with you to the luncheon.

Mat raises his nose.

MAT
And what if I decide to tell Tom,
you're the famous Dr. McKenzie?

Tricia smiles.

TRICIA
Please yourself. You do realize how
much more he'd want me if he knows?
Which is exactly the reason why I
didn't tell him.

MAT
So, are you coming to lunch with
me, or going to get taken advantage
of by him?

TRICIA
Sorry, Mat.

Mat stomps off to his car.

Munching on a donut, Tom wanders back to Tricia.

TOM
Poor guy, wouldn't even try a jam
filled one.

Tom waves to the Driver.

Tricia looks up the road, sees the taxi approaching.

TRICIA
That confident?

TOM
Not this time, just very hopeful.

Tom gives Tricia a melting smile.

TOM
So, what's first on our tour?

TRICIA
Ninety-nine.

EXT. MT. BONNELL STAIRWAY - DAY

Ninety-nine steps. One of Austin's favorite sites.

Worn out tourists descend. Tricia strides up, passes others. Tom takes on the challenge, follows.

Increasing her pace, Tricia zips past upward moving tourists just before downward tourists block Tom's path. Enjoying the game, Tom waits, zooms up, until he's one step behind her.

TOM

Like being one step ahead of me?

TRICIA

With your form, you probably leave everyone behind.

Tom cruises level with Tricia.

TOM

With yours, it could be an even match.

TRICIA

For the short term.

TOM

Concerned about the long term?

Tricia shows signs of tiring, slows down.

TRICIA

Probably take more energy than I have. You're a bit fast for me.

TOM

Have to be, to keep up with you.

A few steps above, four oblivious Japanese tourists descend, engaged in conversation. Tom's eyes remain on Tricia.

TRICIA

Keep your eyes on each step or you'll fall.

Tom lurches, recovers. The Japanese scramble out of his way.

TOM

Thanks for the warning. Such a big fall could hurt.

They resume climbing.

TOM

You're so careful. Fallen before?

Uncomfortable, Tricia looks away. Tom sees the impact.

TRICIA

Preventing a fall is easier than
recovering from one.

TOM

Safe, but lonely. You may miss the
magical mystery of the journey.

Tricia stops. Tom smiles. He takes a couple of steps,
glances back, beckons. She catches up to him.

MONTAGE - TRICIA GUIDES TOM

-- MT. BONNELL OVERLOOK - Tricia and Tom soak in the view.
He slides his arm around her waist. She draws away.

-- MARKET - Tricia and Tom meander past bustling handicraft
stalls. Tricia admires a gorgeous, woven belt with hearts on
it. Tom takes out his wallet. Tricia shakes her head. He
looks back, whispers. She declines firmly.

-- GARDENS - Tom picks up two Frangipani flowers, smells
them, places one in Tricia's hair. They stroll to a Fig
tree, where a serene Buddha statue sits. Tom reaches for her
hand. She pulls it away.

EXT. RIVER PARK - DAY

Tricia points to a park map. Tom feigns interest, moves very
close. Tricia edges away with Tom moving in unison.

TRICIA

Tom--

TOM

You're just so magnetic--

She cuts him off with a look. He makes a funny face. She
laughs. Tom gives her space, they walk.

TOM

Nurse Tricia, where do you put your
skills into action?

TRICIA

Why do you jump to conclusions and
think I'm a nurse?

TOM
So, let's get to know each other
better. What do you do?

TRICIA
Charity work.

TOM
Like the organization, ESCO?

TRICIA
I know people who work for them.

A motorcycle with fruit passes by.

TRICIA
You must experience the fruit
market. Come, it's real close.

She rushes into the crowd with Tom in pursuit.

INT. FRUIT MARKET - DAY

Tricia hands a cut Sapote to Tom. He bites into it. A seed
dislodges and falls to the ground.

As they scramble to catch it, Tricia's hand slaps him in the
jaw. Tom feigns being hurt.

TRICIA
I'm sorry, are you okay?

TOM
Can you kiss it to make it feel
better?

TRICIA
Tom, really.

TOM
Yes, really, always worked with my
mom.

Tricia gives him a quick peck.

TOM
I see you've never had kids.

TRICIA
You're not a kid.

TOM
And I'm glad you're not my mom.

The amused vendor hands Tom a bag of fruit. Tom protests as Tricia pays.

TRICIA
Please, my gift.

Tom puts the fruit in his backpack. They stroll down a NARROW LANE, lined with stalls full of tourist trappings. One is full of Valentine's Day candies. The vendor offers them a free SweetHeart candy.

Tom frowns. Tricia notices.

TRICIA
You don't like heart-shaped candies.

TOM
I, uh... I have a theory about Valentine's Day.

TRICIA
Which is?

He shrugs. Then smiles his charmer.

TOM
It might be changing.

Tom slips his hand in hers. She glances down, allows it.

EXT. PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Tom and Tricia stroll into the park.

TOM
Okay, Tricia's short for Patricia, and your last name is...?

TRICIA
When I visited Thailand, everyone drops last names, so you're Dr. Tom, not Dr. Adams. And I'm just Tricia.

Tom's expression shows she's not off the hook.

TOM
I didn't know I'm Thai.

TRICIA
The Thais believe we're all part of one big family. How old are you?

TOM
Thirty-six, and you?

TRICIA
Younger, so I'm "nawng" or younger
sister. And you're my older brother
or "pee".

TOM
I'd be pee-pissed. Tricia, your
secrets are safe with me, I'm not a
CIA agent.

TRICIA
My blood group is AB. My star sign
is Virgo.

TOM
Rare virgin... what do you do in
your charity?

TRICIA
Help people.

TOM
Any other clues?

TRICIA
I don't like people judging me from
the outside.

TOM
How do we find out if we have
anything in common?

TRICIA
Aren't we all human? In being so,
we're all very similar.

Tom stops, grasps both her hands.

TOM
Triciarella, who are you? I'd love
to know your story, because I--

TRICIA
Who I was yesterday is different to
who I am today and who I will be
tomorrow. Let's just be here, now.

Tom draws closer.

TOM
I've forgotten who I used to be and
where I was headed.

Tricia grins, shakes her head.

TRICIA
You really are determined... I'll
show you one place where I work.

EXT. ORPHANAGE SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Tricia and Tom enter. MIA, 10, and three other girls toss a ball to each other. Delighted, they embrace Tricia.

MIA
Teach English today?

TRICIA
Not today, Mia.

TOM
Of course, you're a teacher and I
bet you have a super approach.

Mia grabs Tricia's hand as they walk to the building.

INT. DANCE ROOM - DAY

Six young girls mimic dance movements of a Hispanic woman, LUCIA, 30, a graceful beauty. Seen through a window, Mia leads Tricia and Tom. Mia bursts in. Lucia tries to speak.

LUCIA
Doctor T--

Tricia indicates Tom, smiles a secretive smile.

TRICIA
Tom. From Washington.

LUCIA
Hello.
(to Tricia)
Your boyfriend?

TOM
Not yet. I'd like to be.

Mia giggles, embarrassing Tricia and surprising Lucia.

TOM
I understand a little.

Tom and Tricia sit as Lucia turns on Mexican MUSIC. She and the girls glide. Mia races to Tom, urges him to join in. Tom grins, pulls Tricia up.

Tom, his face alive with delight, and Tricia sway. Tricia enjoys his ungraceful but uninhibited efforts. Bending his knees, he trips. Tricia grabs him but falls down with him into his arms. He laughs. They catch eyes.

A long moment. Tricia shivers, giving away her arousal. She jumps up, struggles to refocus. Eyes twinkling, Tom rises.

TOM

That was an interesting move. Can we practice that again?

Embarrassed, Tricia looks away. The door opens. A WOMAN brings in an eleven-year-old girl, ZOE, sits her down and she sways to the music.

Tom notices her, walks over, checks her for a reaction. None. He peers into her opaque glazed eyes.

TOM

What happened to her?

Tricia speaks to the woman in Spanish, as the music ends.

TRICIA

Her name is Zoe. She's new today. She was blinded during a tornado. Apart from her grandmother, her family perished.

Mia crouches down with Tom.

TRICIA

Her grandmother just died, so relief organizations sent her here.

Clearly impacted, Tom looks at Zoe compassionately.

TRICIA

What do you think?

TOM

I'd have to examine her properly but I believe she could be helped.

TRICIA

An operation?

TOM

Yes, cornea transplants. But I'm
not sure I could operate here.

TRICIA

Wait, let me call my friend.

Tricia dashes out. Tom examines Zoe's eyes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tricia listens on her cell phone.

INT. CHARITY ORGANIZATION OFFICE - DAY

Lynn cradles the phone on her shoulder as she sorts papers.

LYNN

What's he going to think when he
finds out who you are?

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND LYNN

Tricia plays with her hair, fidgets.

TRICIA

I'll let him know after the
operation. Lynn, please let me tell
him, okay?

LYNN

So, you're finally allowing someone
to get close--

TRICIA

I wouldn't go that far. He's fun,
but... not my type.

LYNN

(skeptical)

I really believe you.

Tricia turns. Through the window she sees Tom, holding Zoe's
hands, surrounded by everyone. He looks her way, smiles.

TRICIA

I mean... look, I better get back.

LYNN

Paul wants your new phone number.

TRICIA

To hell with Paul. Got to run, bye.

Tricia hangs up, hurries to the door.

Lynn gazes at Paul's photo on the Medical journal, presses her phone.

LYNN

G'day, Mate. No luck, Paul. You're stuck with me.

INT. DANCE ROOM - DAY

Tricia enters, she kneels next to Tom and Zoe.

TRICIA

Zoe, this man is Dr. Tom, from Washington, DC. He wants to fix your eyes.

Zoe lunges at Tom, gives him a giant hug.

ZOE

I love you.

Tom's eyes widen.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Tricia and Tom slide in. The taxi drives off.

TRICIA

I'll check with ESCO before saying it's impossible.

TOM

But, Tricia, I'm out-of-state.

TRICIA

And what if you were out-of-country?

TOM

Huh?

TRICIA

Why is Dr. McKenzie, an Australian giving a seminar here?

TOM

You got me. I don't know yet.

Tom edges closer, his charmer personality ignited.

TOM

But I'm sure glad it is here... and
I met you.

Tricia smiles sweetly.

TOM

As for the seminar, it's probably a
waste of time. I'm already an
award-winning surgeon.

Trying to impress, Tom puts it on.

TOM

But Dr. Hall, the director of the
most forward-thinking medical team
in America, requires I spy on the
Australians, before confirming my
position as his head surgeon.

Intended impact received, and Tricia shows it.

TRICIA

That must mean a lot to you.

TOM

We'll make medical history and my
career will soar. He even has plans
to help me run for the Senate. He
and his wife would love you. How'd
you like to join our team?

Tricia treats it as a joke it was not meant to be.

TRICIA

Hmmm.

They arrive at the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

They get out, stroll to the entrance.

TRICIA

Are you open to learning from this
Australian doctor?

TOM

Sure, but I doubt I'll learn
anything new.

TRICIA

So, you think you could match this
doctor's skills?

TOM
Definitely.

TRICIA
I'd love to see you in action...

Tom's taken aback. Tricia smiles coyly.

TRICIA
...so, I'll assist if you donate
your time. ESCO will sponsor the
operation.

INT. HOSPITAL OPERATING THEATER - DAY

Tricia, Tom and a subdued Mat stand in a gleaming high tech
Operating Theater. A wide-eyed Tom looks over everything.

TOM
Wow, nice.

MAT
(coolly)
Most up-to-date surgery equipment
in Texas. ESCO's backing has
enabled us to realize it.

TOM
But will the hospital allow out-of-
state doctors?

TRICIA
It's fine with ESCO sponsorship.

TOM
Then I'll donate my time. And the
rest of the surgical team?

MAT
Nurses rotate for charity surgery
but the anesthesiologist won't be
available until next month.

TOM
Back in Washington by then.

Tom sees disappointment flash across Tricia's face.

TOM
Is the surgery open tomorrow?

MAT
You need an anesthesiologist.

TOM
I can solve that.

MAT
Bit short notice. It'd be
impossible to get corneas in time.

TRICIA
Mat, you have friends at the Donor
Bank. Please check them for me...
and ESCO. We've helped this
hospital greatly.

Mat raises one eyebrow and his nose.

MAT
I'll do everything within my power
to ensure Tom's return home will
not be delayed.

TOM
Tomorrow afternoon, just in case
Tricia's positive thinking fruits?

Mat withdraws behind politeness, does a curt nod.

MAT
Muy bien.

TRICIA
(to Tom)
He feels joy with your good action.

Mat's strained smile hardly portrays joy. They exit.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A knockout nurse, SUNEE, 25, approaches.

SUNEE
Good morning, Doctor T--

TRICIA
Tom, from Washington.

Tricia points to Tom. Startled, Sunee smiles to Tom, who
returns the greeting. Sunee stares at them as they walk on.

Mat frowns.

TOM
Can we bring Zoe here for tests?

TRICIA

ESCO's arranged for me to take Zoe to an ophthalmologist's clinic.

TOM

I suppose I could free up some time to come with you if you want, although the doctor may not like me just barging in.

MAT

Since when do you care about barging in unwelcome? Tricia doesn't need you--

TRICIA

Mat, please--

MAT

On second thought, why don't you take Tom. He's sure to be impressed with the surgeon's skills.

A confused Tom watches Mat nod stiffly and strut away.

TRICIA

Tom, why don't I send the tests to your hotel?

TOM

Sounds good... I do have other things I need to do.

INT. PEDICAB - DAY

Tom relaxes, happy to have Tricia's full attention.

TRICIA

Where are we going to find an anesthesiologist so quickly?

TOM

Perhaps... at the Sheraton? Will you join me for dinner?

TRICIA

Joe?

TOM

Yes, but he's afraid you're turning me into a spacey New Ager. If you'd grace us with your presence--

TRICIA
He likes his luxuries.

TOM
We all have potential to change
and... you have such sweet powers
of persuasion.

TRICIA
I'll see what my powers can do.

TOM
Great, I'll pick you up at seven.

TRICIA
No, I'll meet you in the lobby. I
have much to do.

The Pedicab stops at the Orphanage. Tricia gets out and hurries inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Tom's DAD, 60, snores in his lounge chair. Tom's MOM, 58, bustles into the room, shakes Tom's Dad awake.

MOM
Wake up, Dear, it's time to call.

DAD
Thomas should've called us days
ago!

EXT. HOTEL - DAY

Tom exits the Pedicab. His phone RINGS. He checks the name, MOM & DAD. He takes a deep breath, answers.

TOM
Hello.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND HIS PARENTS

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Mom busies herself next to the speaker phone while Dad frowns.

MOM
Hi Honey--

DAD
What's going on there!

Tom cringes.

MOM

Dear, now don't--

DAD

Well, he should've--

MOM

Dear.

DAD

He had enough time to send Hall a message and a photo! Thomas--

MOM

Dear, please. Tom, honey--

DAD

Thomas, what's going on!

TOM

Mom, Dad, I'm sorry I didn't let you in on Tricia.

MOM

What a beautiful name. What's she do? Where's she from?

A pause. Tom's eyes bug out, his free hand slides all over his face and hair.

DAD

Speak up - I stopped a nap for you.

MOM

Tom, I'm so happy. Send us a photo, honey.

Dad rolls his eyes in exasperation.

DAD

Let him speak.

TOM

I've been flat out working on an important project. I'll send a photo, but I have an appointment tonight so must run. I'll tell you more later.

MOM

Yes, Honey.

DAD
Later? What about right now!

TOM
Right, Dad, sorry. Tricia's a
teacher from Australia. Bye.

MOM
I'm so happy. Just can't wait to
have a granddaughter.

DAD
Grandson.

Tom turns off his phone.

TOM
Whew.

He heads to the hotel.

TOM
The job. Enchanting Triciarella. I
can do this. I can do this...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

A WHISTLING, bare-chested, smiling Tom exits the bathroom.

Joe surfs on his laptop. He Googles "Dr. McKenzie".
Thousands of sites appear. Joe clicks on one. It takes a
long time to open.

TOM
Well, closer to fulfilling one
requirement for Hall.

Impatient, Joe grabs a mandarin, bounces it in one hand.

JOE
After one day-time date? You
haven't even kissed.

TOM
She kissed me.

JOE
You're getting used, buddy.

TOM
I booked the O.R. for tomorrow.

Joe sinks his fingernail into the mandarin, juice spurts
onto his face. Tom laughs, chucks a tissue box to Joe.

JOE

You crazy? I didn't come here to work. Especially for nothing.

Joe mops his face, bends over and carefully peels the mandarin, pops a segment into his mouth.

TOM

The poor girl lost her family in a tornado.

JOE

Probably a thousand more like her. Can't help them all.

Tom takes out a shirt from the closet, slides it on.

TOM

Sure, but helping one little girl is better than helping none.

Tom flings an apple to Joe who bounces it up and down.

JOE

Okay, now this isn't about a little girl, is it? How far will you go to please Tricia? Helping one girl doesn't guarantee she's going to fall for you.

Joe tosses the apple back to Tom.

JOE

Great holiday fun.

TOM

Right, couldn't have planned it.

Tom zips the apple smack into Joe's chest.

JOE

Wake up, man! Are you blind? This girl's just the beginning. You're a doctor, period.

Joe picks up the apple.

JOE

How many little girls do you think you're going to have to help?

Joe throws Tom into doubt.

TOM
Believe it or not, I genuinely want
to help Zoe.

JOE
Since when are you the great
altruistic doctor?

TOM
Joe, it was weird. Have you ever
had an eleven-year-old, blind
orphan hug you and say, "I love
you"?

More subdued, Joe shakes his head.

TOM
Well, it hit, right here.

Tom touches his heart.

JOE
Yeah, right.

Uncomfortable, Joe turns his attention back to his computer
screen. He squints.

It shows a very unflattering, badly-lit photo of a younger
Tricia wearing big thick-rimmed glasses, hair tied back
severely, in an unbecoming hospital gown. The caption reads,
"DR. P. McKENZIE".

JOE
Well, I'll be damned. McKenzie's a
woman!

Tom glances quickly at the screen.

TOM
She reminds me of my third-grade
teacher, Mrs. Harpington. Boy was
she a dull, uptight lady.

He turns back to the mirror, combs his hair, grooms himself.

TOM
Thank God Tricia's not like her.
The seminar's going to be dull,
dull, dull.

Joe closes his laptop.

JOE
Why the spit and polish?

TOM
Tricia's coming here for dinner.

JOE
Amazing how people change when they
want something.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tom taps his fingers nervously as he sits with eyes glued to the entrance. He checks his watch, clutches a small bag.

An elegant Tricia, in a flowing dress, hair cascading over her exposed shoulders, gracefully glides in.

Men and women's heads turn as she passes by. Tom rises slowly, his eyes riveted on her. He reaches in his bag.

TOM
You look stunning.

TRICIA
Thank you.

TOM
Your dress needs a belt.

Tom secures the handcrafted, woven belt, from the market, around her waist before she has a chance to object.

TOM
Perfect fit. Must have been made
for you.

Tom's loving look defies protest. Tricia looks down.

TOM
Joe's waiting in the restaurant.

Tom slips his arm around her waist as they walk. He bumps into a chair.

TRICIA
Last time you watched me more than
where you were going--

TOM
Gave me the chance to be with you
tonight.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Embroidered wall hangings glitter, and flowers grace every table. Mexican MUSIC. Tricia, Tom and Joe eat at a table.

Hispanic dancers in colorful costumes enter and sway gracefully. The lead dancer smiles at them.

TOM

Lucia!

TRICIA

Yes, she's the best in Texas.

TOM

Lucia gave us lessons at the orphanage, where Tricia volunteers. We met the little girl, Zoe, there.

TRICIA

Joe, you have the wonderful opportunity to bring light into a small girl's life.

JOE

Anesthesiologists need holidays. One mistake can be fatal.

Tom could hit smug Joe. Unfazed, Tricia takes out an intricately painted, lacquered box and hands it to Joe.

TRICIA

Zoe made this, before the Tornado. Her family were artisans.

Intrigued, Joe examines the box.

JOE

It's beautiful.

TRICIA

If you help Zoe, she won't have to beg on the streets. You and Tom will help an orphan live a more fruitful life.

JOE

What else will Tom have to do?

Tom kicks Joe's shin.

JOE

Ow!

Joe whips out his balm, rubs his head.

JOE

Okay, okay, I'll help Tom aid the blind to see and enjoy...

TRICIA
Thank you, Joe.

JOE
...pleasure.

Joe watches a relieved Tom slide his hand over Tricia's. Tricia responds by grasping it.

JOE
Are you guys ready... for dessert?

The Maître D', with Lucia at his side, taps on the microphone.

MAÎTRE D'
Ladies and Gentlemen. We have a special show tonight. The girls from the Karuna orphanage are making their very first appearance!

The MUSIC floats. Ten miniature angels, costumes and ornaments glittering, golden skin glowing, glide in. They sway, with a fluid, flawless grace.

Except for Mia who stumbles in wonder at the opulent decor. Lucia eyes her anxiously. Mia spots Tricia and Tom. She SQUEALS, dashes to them.

MIA
Dr. Tom, Tricia!

Mia clasps Tom's hand. Tom springs up, grabs a reluctant Tricia. Mia leads them to the dance floor. The other girls continue to dance as though nothing has happened.

Lucia looks anxiously towards the Maître D' who nods a restrained, polite consent.

A much-improved Tom dances. Tricia laughs, joins in. A HIP MAN bounces up, pulls his date to the dance floor.

HIP MAN
All right! Let's flow!

He mimics the girls. Laughter peals. More stream to the dance floor. Bodies sway, faces beam as they imitate the dancers. The Maître D' smiles.

Tom catches eyes with a radiant Tricia. He moves closer.

TOM
Shall we try the down to the floor move?

Tricia laughs.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Tricia and Tom approach the lotus flowers, petals barely open. Tricia glances at them, reaches for Tom's hand.

TRICIA

Come.

They exit.

EXT. LOTUS POND - NIGHT

Lotus flowers, in all stages, emerge from leaf-draped water. Moonlight shimmers. The spell of the secluded garden leads Tom and Tricia to a bench.

TRICIA

My favorite place here.

She sits and focuses on a lotus in full bloom. Tom hesitates. Tricia invites him with her eyes. He sits close.

TRICIA

Many believe lotuses symbolize the human potential.

She points toward a bud that peeks above the water.

TRICIA

Searching for meaning, many rise above the water, but never bloom before they die.

She indicates a toppled bud with a rotten stem. Then scans the pond and selects a solitary open lotus.

TRICIA

While others, rising from mud, reach the heights and bloom.

Tom finds two equally tall lotuses in full bloom leaning against each other, petals touching.

TOM

Those two grew together.

TRICIA

Very rare. Is it possible? Some feel threatened when you want to--

Tom puts his arm around her.

TOM

Challenged is more what I'm feeling
and it may be worth the risk.

TRICIA

Only challenged?

He leans forward. Their lips get close. Closer.

A dog BARKS. Sound of FOOTSTEPS. Tricia dashes away, gives Tom a "catch me if you can" look. He laughs, pursues.

INT. GUEST HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Buoyant, Tom and Tricia float toward her apartment. She fumbles for her key and unlocks the door.

TRICIA

Thanks, Tom, today was--

Tom kisses her. Caught up in the spell, she returns the kiss. In unison, they move inside.

INT. TRICIA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Kissing passionately, they swiftly make their way to a double bed illuminated by the light streaming through the window. Tom's hands slide down her body.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A thoughtful Tricia, in a silk negligee, looks in the mirror. Seen through the door frame, wearing underpants only, Tom sits in bed admiring her. He looks at his bare ring finger, fondles it with his right hand, smiles.

He rises, enters the bathroom, embraces her, kisses the back of her neck. She closes her eyes.

TOM

You're wild.

Tricia stiffens and walks OUT. Tom follows. She gazes at a vase with two lotuses, partly opened. Tom wraps his arms around her, hugs her close.

TOM

There are poor orphans in
Washington.

TRICIA

Do you plan to help them?

TOM

You could... and also live in style. Let's grow together, fulfill our potential.

Tricia moves away to a shelf, lights one of two candles, moves the match towards the other candle.

TOM

We'd make a great team. A partner who helps the poor is good for my professional image. Capitol Hill would fall in love with you so grants would be a breeze, make my run for Senate easy, and you--

She forcefully blows out the match, spins around, flares.

TRICIA

Is that all you see in me!

Tom appears genuinely surprised.

TRICIA

Do you really think I'd help people simply to further your professional image! How conceited!

Tricia throws the match box at Tom. She grabs a bathrobe, puts it on.

TRICIA

Being an egotistical doctor's little woman is the last thing I'll do!

TOM

Tricia, I'm sorry, I didn't--

TRICIA

Sorry? Sorry? I'm sorry. I've been so stupid! I've become another score for the great Dr. Tom Adams.

TOM

No, that's not what I meant, I've put my foot in my mouth, please--

TRICIA

Foot! Two feet and your hands, too. You have a very big mouth.

She picks up Tom's shirt and pants, slams them into his chest.

TRICIA
To go with your big head. You've
made your intentions quite clear.
We're oceans apart!

She darts to the door, opens it.

TOM
Tricia, please calm down, I--

TRICIA
Out!

TOM
Out?

TRICIA
Out.

Tom inches out, holding his clothes.

TOM
I'm sorry.

Tricia SLAMS the door shut. A KNOCK.

TRICIA
What!

TOM (O.S.)
Can I have my shoes, please?

INT. MAT'S OFFICE - DAY

Lynn taps one foot.

LYNN
I won't do it.

MAT
As head of ESCO, you do realize
that state bureaucracy can really
slow down--

LYNN
You wouldn't...

Stunned, Lynn stares at him. He holds her gaze.

LYNN
She only just met Tom.

MAT

You do understand what I've said,
don't you?

LYNN

And you do understand you could
lose her either way.

He sighs as an upset Lynn leaves, SLAMS the door.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A door opens. A downcast Tom steps out in operating gear,
almost collides with Tricia. She weaves to miss him, walks
stiffly on.

TRICIA

I didn't expect you to come.

Tom catches up to her.

TOM

I'm truly sorry about last night. I
was way out of line.

Thrown off guard, Tricia's tight expression relaxes. She
slows down.

TRICIA

Well, maybe I--

TOM

No, it was totally my fault. I got
carried away. I'm not that, uh,
practiced in asking anyone... to
share my life.

Dismayed and surprised, Tricia stops. Seeing the impact and
her discomfort, Tom seeks his opening.

TOM

Relax... I'll try focusing on the
present. Maybe then you'll believe
the guy I was last night is
different to who I am now and who I
can be tomorrow.

Tricia can't suppress a slight smile. More relaxed, they
walk on.

TOM

And... the guy I am today, really
does want to help Zoe.

They approach two hospital attendants wheeling Zoe into the operating room. Happy to have the focus elsewhere, Tricia smiles.

TRICIA

Thank you. She'll be so grateful.

TOM

Believe it or not, so did the guy last night. And maybe I'm not, nor always will be your preconceived idea of me.

Tom's loving expression unnerves her. She looks away.

TOM

Shall we go in?

INT. OPERATING THEATER - DAY

Tom prepares for the surgery. Tricia, closest to Tom, watches. Joe checks the liquid that drains into Zoe's arm. Sunee stands nearby.

JOE

Sunee, I need your help here.

SUNEE

What would you like me to do?

JOE

Help the liquid flow freely.

Sunee draws very close, bats her eyelashes at Joe. Together they reposition the tubes and tape them.

TRICIA

Be careful, Sunee. Joe's got many girlfriends.

SUNEE

I bet not as many as Dr. Tom.

TOM

No girlfriends, Sunee. I'm not good enough for the one I'm closest to.

Tricia drops an instrument. Disapproving, Sunee throws it in a bucket, gives a sterilized one to Tricia.

TOM

Are you two playing with the trephine or can I have it?

Tricia hands Tom a trephine knife.

TRICIA
Try this trephine from the left.

TOM
Huh?

Tom peers at the knife.

TOM
This isn't the standard trephine.
What on earth would you know?

TRICIA
I saw Dr. McKenzie do this same
operation.

TOM
You're kidding!

TRICIA
No, try it.

TOM
What the hell. Tricia, I've done
this operation a hundred times.
Every doctor cuts from the right
and they use the standard trephine.

TRICIA
Dr. McKenzie cuts from the left
with this trephine.

TOM
Oh boy! So, this is why you've been
so secretive, you're not just any
nurse but Dr. McKenzie's nurse!

Tom sees a guilty Tricia's eyes twinkle above her mouth
guard. He fondles the new knife, examining it carefully.

TOM
Cut from the left, use this
trephine, cut from the left, use
this...

Tom looks long at Tricia. He nods, places the trephine on
Zoe's eye.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A worker paints one wall yellow.

Tom, Tricia, Joe and Sunee exit the Operating Theater. Sunee looks admirably at Joe who winks. An impressed Tricia glances at Tom.

TRICIA
Thanks so much, Tom, Joe.

TOM
Happy to please you... in any area.

An embarrassed Tricia looks away. An aide comes along with cups of water and juice. They each take one. Joe and Sunee move off to the side, whisper to each other.

TRICIA
You did the operation very well.

TOM
As good as your Dr. McKenzie?

Tricia smiles.

TOM
It's a brilliant technique. Thank you very much. It'll be interesting to meet Dr. McKenzie at the seminar. Is she as dull as her photos look?

Tricia chokes on her juice.

TRICIA
Actually, you'll probably like her.

TOM
Business only, she reminds me of my boring third grade teacher.

TRICIA
How big are your feet?

TOM
Feet?

Tom drops his head, takes one of Tricia's hands in his.

TOM
Yes, well, Tricia, maybe this isn't the best place, but--

TRICIA
If it isn't the best place, then--

Tom moves closer, his eyes questioning. Tricia smiles. His head leans towards hers.

LYNN (O.S.)

Tricia!

Tricia and Tom jolt apart. Lynn marches down the hall.

LYNN

I want to meet your special doctor.
Dr. Adams, pleased to know you. I'm
Lynn Baker, director of ESCO.

She shakes Tom's hand in a firm grip, then to Joe.

JOE

Joe Shaw. Anesthesiologist.

LYNN

It's so rare to meet two generous
doctors like you. ESCO thanks you
greatly for helping in our work.

TRICIA

Lynn, please.

LYNN

Tricia, regrettably some things are
beyond our power to control. Relax.

TRICIA

Lynn--

LYNN

Tricia's told me so much about you,
Dr. Adams. You may have restored
the sight of one poor girl--

JOE

But for every little girl like Zoe,
there are a hundred others who need
assistance.

LYNN

Spot on, Joe. I have a list here of
those who are in most need.

Lynn displays her folder. Joe turns to Tom who stares at Tricia. She shrugs helplessly, fidgets.

LYNN

If we have the skill of such an
eminent surgeon like Dr. Adams--

TOM

Sorry, Lynn, Tricia, you'll have to
seduce another surgeon. Or maybe
Tricia can go back to medical
school and become a doctor.

Tom spins on his heel, dashes away, Joe right behind.

LYNN

Maybe Tricia can go back to--

Lynn bursts laughing. Tricia glares at her, races after Tom.

TRICIA

Tom!

Mat appears around the corner. Tom zooms past Mat, flings
open a door, storms into a BROOM CLOSET, straight into
brooms, mops and buckets. They fall all over him, scatter.
He scrambles to retrieve them, fumbles, sends them flying.

Mat smirks. Protective, Tricia glares at an amused Joe and
Mat who become poker faced.

TRICIA

Tom, I'll get them.

Thankful but not wanting to show it, Tom nods curtly, opens
the adjacent door and disappears inside. Joe follows.

INT. DOCTORS' PREPARATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tom hurls his gear into the laundry bag, nearly hitting Joe.

TOM

You always knew. How could I have
been so blind?

Joe nods, satisfied.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Tricia deposits the last broom in the closet just as Tom
bursts out. He avoids eye contact and hastens to the exit.
Tricia pursues.

TRICIA

Tom!

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tricia catches up to Tom, runs to keep abreast with him.

TRICIA

Tom, I didn't know Lynn was going to ask you. Please, believe me.

TOM

So, who's turn is it now? Is that all you see in me?

Stunned, Tricia hesitates. Tom's eyes are penetrating.

TRICIA

Is that all you see - period!

Tricia walks briskly away. Confused, Tom flops into a taxi. Joe joins him. The taxi speeds off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Tricia storms down the hall, straight to Lynn and Mat.

TRICIA

Lynn!

Lynn cocks her head toward Mat, whose smugness oozes.

MAT

Good to be rid of the arrogant--

Tricia grabs the painter's brush, slaps yellow paint across Mat's face.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

A Cupid/Valentine painting hangs on the wall. Joe commiserates with a semi-inebriated Tom who swigs a beer.

TOM

I've even been thinking of buying her Valentine chocolates.

JOE

Maybe you do need glasses.

TOM

I've made an absolute ass of myself.

JOE

Couldn't have done any better. Look, she's in another world and it ain't yours.

TOM

Oceans apart. And I'm drowning.

JOE

Hell no, you were drowning. Better to know she just used you than stay deluded. She's lost in her ideals, not in touch with the real world.

TOM

Real world?

JOE

How can a man live on ideals?

TOM

Right. Need money for pleasures.

Tom drains his can.

JOE

Sounds good.

TOM

But what the hell am I doing? Shit, Joe, I love her.

JOE

When I'm drunk, I love everyone, too. Tricia needs to wake up to reality.

Tom scans many of the designer-clad drinkers' sad faces. He looks out the window, sees a blind man walk by.

Tom crumples his empty can.

TOM

Maybe I need to wake up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom paces as he talks on the phone. Joe types on his laptop.

TOM

That's right, Sir.

INT. WASHINGTON AIRPORT - DAY

Dr. Hall talks on his cell phone, as he and Mrs. Hall sit near the Boarding Gate for Houston. She reads a paper.

DR. HALL

Well, well, I'm impressed. Learned the procedure from McKenzie's nurse as well as romancing her. All in a few days.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TOM AND DR. HALL

TOM
As I've said, Sir, if you hire me
as the head--

DR. HALL
Tom, are you going to marry her?

Tom trips, falls over.

DR. HALL
Tom?

TOM
Yes, uh, well, Sir, I'd like to.
But, it's not up to--

DR. HALL
Good, I look forward to seeing you
two at the convention.

Dr. Hall hangs up. Mrs. Hall hands him the paper.

MRS. HALL
The market says there's a new trend
in stocks, Dear.

Interested, Dr. Hall reads the paper.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Tom collapses in a chair.

TOM
Joe... How can I ask Tricia to
marry me now?

Exasperated, Joe bangs his head with his hands.

TOM
She kicked me out of her bedroom
and I told her she--

JOE
Used you, which of course she did!
Buddy, wake up! You're mad to love
her.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

Tom and a small SHOP ASSISTANT struggle to lug the stocks
out of the Antique shop. Joe stands back shaking his head in
disbelief.

JOE
You're absolutely mad.

TOM
Yeah, but soon my back'll give way
and I'll be mad, crippled and angry
at my best friend.

The small Assistant gives up.

SHOP ASSISTANT
Too heavy. My helper comes in an
hour.

Tom struggles alone. Reluctant Joe grabs the other end.

INT. HOUSTON AIRPORT - DAY

People and suitcases everywhere. Next to a stall selling snacks with a popcorn dispenser, a TV screen displays Tom locked in the stocks in front of Tricia's Guest House.

A sign reads, TRICIA, PLEASE FORGIVE ME.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall exit customs. Mrs. Hall spots the TV. She walks over, peers. It shows Tom's face. A moment of surprise breaks through her reserve.

ANNOUNCER
And who says stocks aren't
exciting? We'll be back in just a
moment with some weird news.

The Announcer does a commercial with filming Tom staying on a portion of the screen.

MRS. HALL
Dear, looks like your star doctor
is investing in new stocks.

Dr. Hall stares, shakes his head.

DR. HALL
You just might be right about Tom.

MRS. HALL
At least we're safe from his
popcorn.

A TOURIST buys a bag of popcorn.

Tricia and Lynn hustle with suitcases from another direction.

TRICIA

He seemed to genuinely want to help
Zoe. I guess I was wrong.

LYNN

You've fallen big, haven't you?

TRICIA

Don't be ridiculous.

Tricia gives her a pained expression. Perceptive Lynn
doesn't buy it.

LYNN

For the world's best eye surgeons,
you guys sure can't see what's in
front of your noses. You two are
Valentines in sight of each other
and you don't know it. Maybe you
could operate on each other's eyes.

They get close to the TV.

Dr. Hall turns around, bumps into the tourist. Popcorn
flies, lands on Mrs. Hall's head. The tourist and Dr. Hall
apologize profusely, scramble to help a pokerfaced Mrs.
Hall.

Tricia sees them, quickly takes out a handkerchief, offers
it to Mrs. Hall.

LYNN

(to Tricia)

You could try training him.

Thinking Lynn was speaking to Mrs. Hall, an offended Dr.
Hall gives Lynn a steely look as Mrs. Hall smiles, takes the
handkerchief, mops butter from her face and blouse.

TRICIA

(to Lynn)

Impossible.

Mrs. Hall shakes the last popcorn off her head.

TRICIA

Please keep--

MRS. HALL

Thank you, I will, because my
husband is quite well trained.

She points at the TV.

MRS. HALL
Pity the woman who tries to train
him.

She and Dr. Hall float away.

DR. HALL
Did she look familiar?

Tricia and Lynn see a back shot of Tom, which does not show
his face or the sign.

LYNN
Great, get one of those!

TRICIA
I wonder if his neck is the same
size?

They laugh. Lynn motions to the Ladies' room.

LYNN
That makes me want to pee, do you?

Tricia shakes her head. She looks back at the TV as Lynn
disappears. Her eyes bug out as the TV camera pans to show
Tom's face and the sign.

TRICIA
Oh, no!

ANNOUNCER
So, our weirdo story of the day. He
says his name is Tom and he's in
love with Tricia. Boy, this one
wins an award!

Tricia dashes over near a window, pulls out her phone,
watches the TV as she dials.

EXT. TRICIA'S GUEST HOUSE - DAY

The Guest House Receptionist rushes out with a phone, brings
it to Tom.

RECEPTIONIST
Tricia's on the phone in Houston.

She holds it next to Tom's head.

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - TRICIA AND TOM

ANNOUNCER

Looks like he's going to talk with
Tricia. We'll get the mic in close.

The camera crew filming Tom moves in.

TOM

Tricia?

Tom's English is heard in the Airport. Many people watch.

TRICIA

Tom, what on earth--

TOM

Tricia, will you forgive me? I've
been an ass.

The Airport AUDIENCE laughs. More people gather.

TRICIA

Tom...

TOM

Please, Tricia, I'm so sorry.

AUDIENCE

Forgive him, Tricia, forgive him.

TRICIA

Yes, of course, I forgive you.

TOM

You will? Great!

Forgetting he's in the block, Tom tries to rise up with joy,
only to wrench his neck.

TOM

Ow!

TRICIA

Tom! Are you okay?

TOM

Uh, no, can you kiss it and make it
feel better?

Everyone laughs.

AUDIENCE

Do it, Tricia!

TRICIA

Tom, do you realize you're on TV?

One BURLY MAN viewing the TV, stands near Tricia. He overhears Tricia, realizes who she is.

TOM

Okay, let them all be witnesses:
Tricia, will you marry me?

Tricia's mouth agape. She plays with her hair.

TOM

Tricia?

The Burly Man races to the crowd, points at Tricia.

TOM

Tricia?

The crowd surrounds her.

AUDIENCE

Tricia, marry him!

Tricia freaks out.

TOM

You have an audience?

TRICIA

Tom, I have to go, we'll talk
tomorrow.

Tricia hides her head and zips away.

TOM

I love-- hey, she hung up.

Joe hustles over from an Internet Café, across the street.
He unlocks Tom.

JOE

Now you're an international idiot.
You were on CNN, FOX, ABC,
everywhere. Hall probably saw you,
too.

TOM

Uh-oh.

INT. HOUSTON AIRPORT - DAY

Lynn exits the Ladies room, looks around.

LYNN
Tricia? Tricia!

The Burly Man passes by.

BURLY MAN
She's getting married.

LYNN
Huh?

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

Lynn and Tricia leave the building.

LYNN
Can I be Maid of Honor?

TRICIA
He'll have to agree on our
direction.

LYNN
If you buy those stocks, that won't
be a problem.

They laugh, stride up towards the Taxi area.

LYNN
He's certainly turning out
different to his public reputation.

TRICIA
People can change.

They stop behind Dr. and Mrs. Hall waiting for a taxi. They
overhear the Hall's conversation.

DR. HALL
Tom wants the job, doesn't he?

MRS. HALL
It's a bit hard to believe he found
a suitable wife in just one week.

DR. HALL
Dear, he's smart, handsome and an
excellent ophthalmologist. Scoring
McKenzie's nurse is brilliant. With
that ambition, he'll make senator
and, well, maybe more.

MRS. HALL

What if this Tricia woman finds out
he's marrying her just to get the
job?

Tricia's eyes go wide, her face becomes pale. Lynn's face
turns hard.

A taxi pulls up. Dr. Hall shrugs as he and Mrs. Hall get in.

DR. HALL

Maybe he does love her.

They drive away. Tricia blankly stares. Lynn puts her arm
around Tricia.

EXT. BUSTLING HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT

A "TO HOUSTON AIRPORT" street bus passes by Tom as he ambles
aimlessly through the busy night life.

A GUITAR, playing the same tune when Tom and Tricia danced,
breaks his thoughts. He turns. A small boy, in tattered
clothes, sits with a BLIND MAN playing the guitar. The boy
holds out a cup. People rush by.

Oblivious to the others on the street, Tom steps toward the
Blind Man and nearly collides with another MAN.

MAN

Hey, open your eyes, Dude.

TOM

Sorry!

Tom smiles.

TOM

Yes, Tom, open your eyes.

He puts fifty dollars in the Blind Man's hand. Joyful, the
boy speaks to the Man in Spanish. Surprised, he bows.

BLIND MAN

Thank you, thank you.

TOM

I wish I could give you a greater
gift of being able to see.

Tom touches the awed boy's head gently, sighs, moves on.

Rain falls. People head for cover. Tom walks in the pouring rain. Totally soaked, he stops, looks across the street, spots the Blind Man and boy huddled under an awning.

The little boy waves at him. Tom waves back.

The raindrops cease. He glances up. An umbrella. With another umbrella over his own head, Joe motions to the open door of a taxi. Tom nods, slides in the taxi. They drive off.

From the other direction, Tricia meanders, umbrella only, indifferent to being half soaked. Lynn, head to foot rain gear, races up next to her.

LYNN

Hey.

TRICIA

It was Dr. Hall, right?

LYNN

I checked online.

TRICIA

And?

LYNN

Can I lie?

TRICIA

Serves me right. Inside I knew he'd never change.

LYNN

But it's super low to do such a stunt. Don't blame yourself.

TRICIA

Guess I could be flattered Tom chose me.

A ex-hippy, baby boomer couple, grey long hair, hop puddles, laugh, delight in each other and the rain. Tricia pauses, watches them. They beam and wave. Tricia manages a smile.

LYNN

But what if Dr. Hall's right, maybe Tom really does love you.

TRICIA

Oh, Lynn, give it up.

They walk again, reach the Hyatt Hotel entrance.

TRICIA
He loves himself. Just another Paul
McKenzie... only worse!

Tricia walks briskly up the stairs. Lynn stays on the sidewalk, looks down the street. She spots the Blind Man and boy huddled under the awning.

INT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Valentine's decorations grace the lobby.

Startlingly feminine, Lynn adjusts a sign that reads: MCKENZIE ESCO SEMINAR. Two large, standing billboards display a flattering photo of Tricia and another one of Paul, with their names underneath.

Smartly dressed Tricia enters, does a double take.

TRICIA
Wow, you look great. -- If Paul
comes early, I don't want to talk
to him.

LYNN
I'll try to be Paul's total focus.

TRICIA
Thanks. I'm so sorry to burden you
with him.

Lynn flips back her hair nonchalantly.

LYNN
No worries, Luv.

TRICIA
And--

LYNN
Tom?

TRICIA
I don't want to talk to him either.

Lynn sighs sympathetically as downtrodden Tricia walks to the Coffee Lounge.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Traffic jam. Tom fidgets, his fingers tap on a big box of Valentine's chocolates. Joe lays back, relaxed.

TOM

Why was our hotel on the other side of town! I'm sure she'll be there. I'll just take her aside and we'll talk--

JOE

What about the seminar? What about Dr. McKenzie?

TOM

Screw McKenzie, I couldn't care less about her. I have to talk with Tricia.

JOE

Just don't blame me when you find out how much more she wants from you.

Tom checks his watch.

TOM

We'll be late.

He pays the driver; they hop OUT and race through cars and people.

JOE

She's no good for you! Forget her!

EXT. HYATT HOTEL - DAY

Dr. Hall exits a taxi, strolls to the entrance. Tom speeds from behind and bowls Dr. Hall over.

TOM

Dr. Hall, I'm so sorry.

He and Joe help Dr. Hall up.

DR. HALL

I was more hopeful you'd bowl me over with a beautiful Tricia.

TOM

Yes, uh, yes, Sir.

DR. HALL

Did she forgive you?

TOM

Huh? Oh, I think so. She said she did.

DR. HALL
Tom, if she's McKenzie's assistant
and you marry her, you have the
job.

TOM
Yes, uh...

DR. HALL
Something wrong?

Tom fumbles for words. Joe slaps him on the back.

JOE
Tom's just love-struck, Sir, she's
a knock out. He's been knocked out
the whole week.

INT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

In a silk outfit, stunning Sunee holds name tags, standing
near Tricia and Paul's signs. She glances anxiously at the
clock as the three enter. Tom races to Sunee.

TOM
Sunee, is Tricia here?

SUNEE
She's in the Coffee Lounge.

Tom dashes away, not seeing Tricia's sign. Dr. Hall turns to
Joe.

DR. HALL
Joe, is Tom really okay?

Joe spots Tricia's sign. His mouth agape.

DR. HALL
For that matter, are you okay?

Dr. Hall follows Joe's startled look and sees Tricia's sign.

DR. HALL
She is attractive, isn't she?

JOE
Attractive isn't half of her, Sir.
I'm sure Tom's very keen to finally
meet the famous Dr. McKenzie.

INT. COFFEE LOUNGE - DAY

Tricia sits alone, sips water, stares out a window. Tom enters, looks around.

TOM

Tricia!

Tricia shuts her eyes. Tom hurries over, sits.

TOM

Tricia, I'm so--

Tricia cuts him off with a deadly look.

TOM

Uh-oh.

Tom hesitantly puts the chocolates on the table.

She smiles.

TRICIA

It's so lovely to see you.

TOM

Whew, you had me worried there.

TRICIA

(sarcastic)

Did I? Oh, I'm so sorry.

TOM

Maybe I should stay worried.

TRICIA

And why would you do that?

TOM

Tricia, I don't know what's up, but I love you, I want to marry you.

TRICIA

Sure.

TOM

Okay, uh, maybe I'm not doing this right.

He gets down on one knee.

TRICIA

Try lower.

He gets on both knees.

Tricia shakes her head.

TOM
On my face?

TRICIA
Why not? Anything to further your
professional image, right? Even
marry to get Dr. Hall's prize job!

Tom's eyes go wide.

TOM
Tricia, I--

Tricia jumps up, pours water over his head and strides away.

Tom races after her.

TOM
Tricia, please.

He bumps into a table, sprawls on the floor. Tricia turns,
shakes her head and suppresses a smile.

TRICIA
Why not ask the waitress to dress
your wounds?

He scrambles to his feet.

TOM
Tricia, no, I'm sorry, really. I--

Tricia spins around, heads out the door. Tom SCREAMS.

TOM
Tricia! I'm not taking Hall's job.

She halts in the door way, bites her bottom lip as Tom
catches up.

LYNN (O.S.)
Tricia, hurry, it's time. We have
to start.

Tricia looks at Tom questioningly.

TOM
Can we talk more later?

Softer face, she nods, zips away with Lynn.

Tom spots Joe in the Lobby. Joe cocks his head.

INT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tom follows Joe to Tricia's sign. Many people stand in front of Paul's, so Tom doesn't see it.

TOM
Holy shit.

JOE
No time for a church bathroom.

SUNEE (O.S.)
Dr. Adams, we're late, please
hurry.

She hands bewildered Tom his nametag, checks her list.

SUNEE
Dr. Shaw, you're not--

JOE
With it. If only I'd known you'd be
here. I better go buy some glasses.

Sunee smiles as Joe reluctantly walks off.

TOM
Joe...

Joe turns, takes out his balm, throws it to Tom.

JOE
Here, you need this more than me.

Joe gives Tom a thumbs up.

JOE
Go for gold, buddy.

Dazed, Tom smiles.

SUNEE
Come quickly.

Sunee gives Tom a Goodie bag and rushes him to big doors.

INT. SEMINAR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sunee guides him to a front row seat of honor next to Dr. Hall, who takes in Tom's wet hair and shoulders, along with his spaced-out face.

DR. HALL
No popcorn?

TOM
Would you like some balm, Sir?

DR. HALL
You okay, Tom?

TOM
I think so.

DR. HALL
Is your girlfriend here?

TOM
Yes, you'll meet her soon, Sir.

INT. OFF STAGE - DAY

Tricia and Lynn approach the stage entrance.

LYNN
He said that!

TRICIA
Yes.

Lynn hugs Tricia.

TRICIA
But how can I believe him?

LYNN
Either he really means it, or he's
the biggest jerk in the world.

TRICIA
Oh, Lynn--

LYNN
What I can't believe is you never
told him who you are.

TRICIA
In between which cyclones?

LYNN
Never mind, when he sees you walk
out, it's bound to make an impact.

Tricia smiles. Lynn peeks out the stage door.

LYNN
We have to start.

Tricia's smile disappears.

TRICIA
But Paul's not here yet. What if
Tom misunderstands?

LYNN
Don't worry. Talk to him later.

TRICIA
I have to tell Tom now.

LYNN
Where, on stage? We can't wait any
longer, we're already twenty
minutes late.

Lynn goes onstage.

LYNN (O.S.)
Happy Valentine's Day, everyone.
Welcome to the McKenzie ESCO
seminar.

Tricia sighs deeply.

TRICIA
And Paul loves making grand
entrances.

LYNN (O.S.)
The famous team has given their
skills freely to hundreds of
operations sponsored by ESCO.

APPLAUSE. Nervous, Tricia peeks out.

INT. SEMINAR HALL - CONTINUOUS

Lynn stands at the podium.

LYNN
Today you will learn about their
groundbreaking new procedures and
research. I'm sorry to say half of
our award-winning team has been
delayed in traffic, but we'll start
with our famous Ophthalmologist,
Dr. Patricia McKenzie.

Professional Tricia approaches the podium. APPLAUSE. As Tricia's sight reaches Tom, she pauses. Their eyes meet.

Tom flashes a broad grin, claps LOUDER than everyone. Tricia's trepidation gives way to a loving smile. Perfect for a brief moment.

The back doors swing open with a BANG. Paul rushes through with a huge flower bouquet and a big heart-shaped box of chocolates.

LYNN

And her most charming Scientist
partner, Dr. Paul McKenzie.

Paul hops on the stage, gives Tricia a big hug and kiss, hands her the bouquet and chocolates, and waves at the clapping audience. Shattering Tom's world.

A small eternity as Tom stares blankly at Paul waving while he wraps his other arm around Tricia. Paul again kisses Tricia on the cheek.

Tricia glances awkwardly at Tom. A myriad of emotions flash across Tom's face. He springs up, drops his Goodie bag into Dr. Hall's lap.

DR. HALL

Tom? What the...

Tom strides out.

TRICIA

Tom!

The doors BANG shut behind him.

Tricia shoves the flowers and chocolates into Paul's chest. Confusion reigns. Except for Lynn who slides close to Paul.

Tricia jumps off the stage, hurries after Tom.

LYNN

Go, Tricia!

Paul looks at Lynn suspiciously. She gives him a sexy smile.

INT. HYATT HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Tom charges into the reception. Sunee holds his box of chocolates.

SUNEE

Doctor Adams, is this yours?

Tom stops, stares, grabs the box and races out the entrance.

Tricia speeds into the lobby, looks around. She spots Tom through the windows, hailing a taxi.

EXT. HYATT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Tricia speeds out.

TRICIA

Tom! Can't you at least say
goodbye?

Tom pauses halfway inside the open taxi door, his bum faces Tricia. An attendant holds the door ready to shut it.

TOM

Goodbye.

He flops in. Pillows with Valentine's Day hearts grace the seats.

TRICIA

Don't shut the door!

The attendant complies. She slides in next to an angry Tom.

TRICIA

Tom--

Tom bolts out the other door, dashes off.

TRICIA

Drive next to him.

The taxi runs alongside Tom. Tricia winds down the window.

TRICIA

Is that all?

Tom stops.

TOM

More? You want to hear more? Okay,
here's more. I'm no longer the
playboy you met at the beach. Nor
the playboy who wooed you in
Austin. There!

He marches off.

TRICIA

And?

Tom stops.

TOM

And I didn't want to marry you for Hall's stupid job. I fell in love with you, with who I thought you were before... before ...

TRICIA

Before?

TOM

I didn't care if you were a nurse, a teacher or whatever. I didn't even know you were the famous McKenzie until ten minutes ago! There!

He zips off.

TRICIA

And?

Tom stops.

TOM

And I wanted to see your enchanting face every day of my life. There!

Tom's face flushes.

TRICIA

So why are you racing away?

TOM

Paul, Paul, Paul! Couldn't you have at least told me?

TRICIA

I didn't think you'd care.

TOM

Care? Why shouldn't I care! Never! Never am I going to have an affair with a married woman.

TRICIA

And if you're married, and the woman is single?

TOM

No difference - never.

TRICIA
I'm happy to hear you say that.

Tricia gives a truly loving smile, totally bewildering Tom.

TOM
Great, I made you happy. You drive
me nuts.

He speeds away.

TRICIA
Tom.

He keeps stomping along.

TRICIA
Tom.

Exasperated, he halts.

TOM
Oh, what!

TRICIA
It's my turn to say, I'm sorry...
but there's more to me than you
see.

TOM
Very funny, great, you're sorry you
didn't tell me you're married.

TRICIA
No... I am sorry... I didn't...
tell you...

She smiles guiltily.

TRICIA
Paul and I are divorced.
(pause)
Happy Valentine's Day.

Tom's eyes go wide. Radiant, Tricia opens the door. In shock, Tom slowly enters the taxi. He hands her the chocolates.

TRICIA
You didn't tell me about your
Valentine's Day theory.

TOM
Valentine's Day is for lovers.

They kiss.

INT. OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

Tricia and Tom, in surgical gear, look down at a small boy's face. Tom glances at Tricia, nods. Tricia refuses, indicates for him to begin. Tom's eyes smile as he gives the special knife to Tricia.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

Tom and Tricia stroll down the hall, holding hands. Tricia's left-hand sparkles with a diamond ring. They pass by Joe whispering in Sunee's ear.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE - DAY

Tricia and Tom exit. Zoe, in a Mexican dancing outfit, screams with delight as she races from Lucia to Tom who hugs her.

Zoe reaches in her bag, hands him a small lacquered box with two hearts on top.

FADE OUT: